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JUL 28 1931

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. II. No. 21 (New Series) **SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1931** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **SIXPENCE**

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THE fate of Germany—and of the rest of us—is still in the balance. Hope succeeds fear, and fear hope, almost from hour to hour. At the moment of writing hope is in the ascendant. An agreement may yet be reached as a result of the visits of British Ministers to Paris and Berlin and the calling of the conference of Ministers from the creditor nations in London on Monday. The danger is that France may continue to prefer the risks of a weak, revolutionary and exasperated Germany to the danger of a reconstructed and free Germany. The terms she lays down as the price of further aid are ones which no German Government could accept and live.

* * *

If France is not persuaded—and she may yet be—what can be done? The immediate answer, made by the man in the street in this country, is that America and England should act without France. But that too seems out of the question in America's present mood. Once confidence had gone in Germany and the internal flight from the mark had begun, English and American bankers ceased to be sure that their intervention would succeed. Without French co-operation, without any assurance that the debt problem would be more than momentarily solved, further help for Germany seems only to be throwing good money after bad. But without that help the Brüning government cannot last for long. And a Fascist-Nationalist successor would be another blow at all our plans and projects for international reconstruction.

* * *

The tragedy is that the overwhelming majority of Europeans and Americans are agreed in wishing to cut through this barb-wire entanglement of international indebtedness. They have learnt, as economic men, that there are some debts which it is neither blessed to give nor to receive. But as political men, in their petty nationalism, they imposed this burden on Germany and they have waited too long to admit their folly. And always in the background there is the shadow of the coming Disarmament Conference—the last opportunity, as we all know, of disarming Europe before Germany asserts her power to re-arm. There was no mistaking the sincerity of the leaders of the three political Parties at the Albert Hall last week. The propositions that war will be the certain result of failing to disarm and that Germany, whatever Government is in power or whatever revolution or catastrophe has taken place there, will be really a menace to peace if the armed nations do not remedy her grievances and carry out their pledge to disarm, are disputed by no one. The hope was—and still is—that the United States had at last realised that she was, willy-nilly, involved in the fortunes of Europe, that the policy of no European entanglements had become an absurdity in view of the hundreds of millions of American money invested in Germany. If Mr. Hoover's plan had succeeded the prospects of dis-

armament were brighter as well as the prospects of prosperity. But French *realpolitik*, even more short-sighted than most of such realism, has pulled the shutter down again and left Mr. Hoover to confront his own internal political problem.

* * *

For Mr. Hoover and his Government the delays and failures of the week have indeed been disastrous. The President knew that in making his original proposal he was taking a political risk, for he had no reserve of popularity to fall back upon and his Administration has been the object of deep reprobation since the crash of 1929. His one hope lay in a prompt and complete acceptance of the Hoover Plan, with the consequent improvement on the Stock Exchange and elsewhere. That hope having gone, he is now confronted with a domestic crisis of the worst kind. The distress of the Western farmers has been a major political fact of the past two years. It is now magnified by a further collapse of wheat, the price in Kansas and the South-West having touched the almost incredible figure of 25 cents a bushel. The West demands that the Federal Farm Board should cease all sales of its surplus wheat holdings for a year and that the farmers—who in many States are suffering beyond all precedent—should be granted a moratorium of at least a month on all their debts. The cry, as we should expect, is that if the Hoover Administration can relieve Germany, it cannot refuse measures of relief for a ruined population at home. The outlook is of the darkest for Mr. Hoover, with a hostile Congress meeting in December on the eve of the Presidential campaign.

* * *

The new Spanish Cortes opened on Tuesday in a setting of little pomp, but great enthusiasm. The Socialists are the largest party in the Chamber; but they have decided that they cannot support any Coalition Ministry, and it remains to be seen how their influence will be exercised. Their three members in the Provisional Government will continue to function for the present, and one of their old leaders, now a professor in the University of Madrid, has been elected Speaker. With the formal proceedings over, the Chamber will settle down to work on the new Constitution. This is likely to be an arduous task, but it may prove easier than many had expected, since the Catalonian Separatists are, after all, making comparatively moderate demands. The draft constitution for Catalonia which has just been presented to the Assembly in Barcelona claims a substantial measure of autonomy. But the subjects which it reserves to the Central Government include foreign affairs, the army and navy, commercial legislation, posts and telegraphs, customs and national finance. If Madrid can settle with Barcelona on such terms as these, there should not be any great difficulty with the Separatists in the Basque provinces and elsewhere.

* * *

The latest dispute between the Vatican and the Fascist Government over the Pope's Encyclical has not yet been settled. Further exchanges of Notes are probable. But Mussolini is prepared for political reasons to be conciliatory, and another truce is likely to be patched up. An indication of Fascist conciliation is given in the newly issued statement of the Fascist Directory—a statement which, in view of the source from which it comes, must be considered relatively mild. The Directory contents itself with refuting the papal charges against the motives of the Black Shirts. The papal accusation that Fascism is allowing the Freemasons to invade the higher offices of the Party is met with a *tu quoque* argument against the "unholy alliance between the Vatican and Freemasonry against Fascism." Comparative restraint, however, is the keynote of the document, and the way is obviously being cleared for a climb-down by both sides. It is unlikely to be more than a temporary neutrality. Mussolini is prepared to use Catholicism as an antidote to Socialism, provided that the Vatican conforms to the Fascist formula of "everything within the State, nothing outside the State, nothing against the State." In particular, the Fascists regard the child as belonging to the State from the moment it begins to learn. The Church holds other views. Here are fundamental differences which can never be composed and which, sooner or later, must lead to further clashes.

* * *

Some plain economic facts concerning the heavy decline of British trade with India were given in the *Times* of July 14th by Sir Montagu Webb, long known as a leading member of the mercantile community of Karachi. He notes first the fall of prices in India—continuously since 1920, and catastrophically after the great slump of 1929. Indian importers of British textiles, having large stocks of high-priced goods on hand and anticipating the arrival of new lower-priced goods, all felt themselves to be ruined. The renewed Gandhi boycott, coming at this critical moment, was welcomed as a means of salvation from certain bankruptcy. Indian importers and mill-owners subscribed handsomely to the Gandhi campaign and the Congress Funds. Meanwhile the collapse of agricultural prices, worse even than the fall in general prices, with the over-rating of the rupee (1s. 6d. in place of the old 1s. 4d.), greatly intensified the poverty of rural multitudes. They cannot sell their grain, pay their debts or their taxes. They have no money; they cannot buy. "Do not," Sir Montagu adds, "give Mr. Gandhi credit for what he has not done." Mr. Gandhi is now at Simla, armed with documents in support of his demand for an enforcement in the districts of the strict terms of the Irwin pact. He is still undecided, not only about coming to London as sole envoy of the Congress, but about coming at all.

* * *

The Committee stage of the Anomalies Bill was reached in the House on Wednesday. There were a number of amendments on the Order Paper, standing mainly in the names of the Left Wing. Their desire is to enable the Minister while revising downwards in various directions the transitional benefit paid to certain classes of the unemployed, to redress the grievances of other classes who are prejudiced by the rigid framework of the scheme. For example, it operates harshly against insured workers who accept, perhaps temporarily, non-insurable employment; they stand to lose their "insured" status and with it their chances of the dole, and for that reason the scheme operates as

a drag on occupational mobility. But the Anomalies Bill is only designed to meet some of the Royal Commission's criticisms: it is not designed to reconstruct the whole insurance scheme. The Left Wing also accuse Miss Bondfield of taking shelter behind her proposed Advisory Committee. This, in our view, is not a fair criticism. At a time when Parliament's incompetence and the congestion of its business verge upon the scandalous, any plan is to be welcomed which will enlist the co-operation of experts in the framing of the details of legislation. We regard the Advisory Committee—for which the Minister, of course, takes full responsibility—as a very hopeful experiment.

* * *

Sir Ernest Gowers, chairman of the Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission, made an important pronouncement on Monday about the procedure the Commission means to adopt. For each area, it seems, a plan is being drawn up, involving large-scale fusions of colliery concerns. These plans are provisional, and are to be discussed with the owners in each district and amended if need be, before being compulsorily applied. Evidently the Commission is following the methods already worked out by the Electricity Commissioners in bringing the "grid" into operation. The reassuring thing about Sir Ernest Gowers's speech is that, while he shows a clear consciousness of the difficulties, he plainly does not mean to rest content with merely grouping a few collieries here or there, but intends to work out a comprehensive scheme of regional amalgamation. At any rate, that is what we read into his speech, and we hope we have read aright. For it is plain enough that, if the coal industry is to be put on its feet, it needs at the least units large enough to provide for selection of pits and large-scale production and marketing. We hope, too, that the Commission will see the necessity of organising these new large units as public utility corporations rather than as merely private bodies.

* * *

The wheat quota has come again to the fore, and Dr. Addison has been discussing it this week with the Liberal Members of Parliament. This does not appear to mean that the Government is, even now, in any way committed to it; but presumably Dr. Addison has been authorised to "try it on the dog." If it is adopted it will take the form of a transferable certificate issued to the millers, who will then be able either to buy home wheat directly or, if they prefer, to buy certificates from country millers who have milled more than the minimum proportion of home wheat. The quota is apparently to be fixed on a diminishing scale over a period of years, at the end of which the protection is meant to be withdrawn. Presumably, it will be fixed low enough to exclude the fairly large proportion of British-grown wheat which is produced not for milling, but for such other purposes as chicken food or consumption on the farm. The whole proposal obviously raises many problems—not least that of the price, if any, that is to be guaranteed to the farmer. There is said to be a difference of views over it in the Cabinet. But can it be that this latest move means Dr. Addison has convinced Mr. Snowden?

* * *

Unemployment is a little better this week; but the small week-to-week changes about this time of year unfortunately do not mean much. In any case, real recovery is impossible while Europe remains in its present chaos. The publication of the new shipbuilding returns affords further food for gloom. The tonnage under construction in this country fell by almost one-half between 1929 and 1930; and it has now fallen again by much more than one-half on the figures of a year ago. On the other hand, there has been no comparable fall in shipbuilding in other countries, which has kept up on the whole quite astonishingly well in face of the slump. Great Britain is, of course, still by far the greatest single shipbuilding country in the world, but whereas before the war she built nearly six out of every ten tons of shipping constructed, according to the latest returns she is building less than one out of every three. In this atmosphere the employers and workers in the industry are trying to negotiate a new agreement. But fortunately shipbuilding is not a typical industry. It is more sensitive than any other to fluctuations in trade.

* * *

The appointment of a Committee to bring our industrialists into touch with the accepted canons of design would have brightened life for Albert the Good. The world is full of strange discordances, and to induce the lion of commercialism to lie down side by side with the lamb of æsthetic propriety would at least be to remove one of them. Or—would it? The trouble with a Committee is that its policy must be governed by its Greatest Common Denominator of agreement, and that, as a rule, is very low. Can the creative genius of Mr. Roger Fry be assimilated to a background of universalised efficiency, or would the result be a mixture of Fry-and-water just sufficiently "tasteful" to be nauseating? The results of a policy of resolute artiness, debated after lunch in a conference room in Whitehall, *might* be wholly admirable; they might, on the other hand, merely make the world safe for insipidity. Hence while we wish the Committee well—at the worst, it can do no active harm—we shall not expect too much from its initial exertions. For æsthetic standards cannot be superimposed on something else; to survive, they must be part and parcel of the environment that calls them into being.

* * *

Mr. Edgar Wallace's libel action was one of those occasions which seem to be designed to ensure to Bench and Bar the continuity of their reputation for facetiousness. The appearance as plaintiff of an author whom everyone has heard of—and whose culture makes contact with the snappier *milieux* of racing and the stage—was too good an opportunity to be missed. Mr. Wallace can be accused, perhaps justifiably, of many things—of surrounding Scotland Yard with a false glamour; of monopolising the railway bookstalls; of sending up the price of paper; or of adding to the terrors of a world already stultified by print to the tune of three thousand words a day. But the poor dub who accused him of plagiarism undoubtedly deserved all he got. The man who has invented two hundred plots scarcely needs to play the sneak-thief to find a two hundred and first; as well impute a surreptitious theft of lipstick to the face that launched a thousand ships. As Bench, Bar, and the public generally have already remarked, the two days' waste of Mr. Wallace's time has probably robbed the world of another masterpiece; however, a thousand pounds is a fairly handsome advance on account of royalties.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

THE rot in Germany which Mr. Hoover's plan was designed to stop has developed swiftly and dangerously. Throughout last week the flight from the mark went on, and talk of desperate remedies only increased the general alarm. On Monday one of the great German banks, the Darmstädter and National, had to shut its doors, and this was followed by a Government decree closing all the banks in the country for two days. Tuesday brought the news of repercussions abroad—the failure of the Vienna branch of the Darmstädter, and of financial houses in Latvia and Rumania, and the temporary closing, as a precaution, of the banks in Hungary. The Nazis and the Communists have naturally been busy exploiting the widespread anxiety and irritation. Meanwhile Dr. Luther has dashed from Berlin to London, to Paris, to Basle, in a vain effort to get foreign help. The Bank for International Settlements did, indeed, after a long sitting, decide that it would give all the assistance in its power. But this for the moment is confined to the extension of the rediscount credit of £20,000,000 to Germany that was in effect already agreed upon. Many more millions are wanted, and the bankers at Basle cannot dispose of them; it is for the creditor States to say "Yea" or "Nay" to the demand for further credits to the Reich. Great Britain is willing. Whatever opinions may be held at Westminster or in the City about the way that the Germans have managed their affairs, no one questions the gravity of the present crisis and the urgent need of relief. The Americans are in a hesitant mood. They are worried about their own situation at home, and they are as fearful as ever of entangling themselves in the affairs of Europe. They would, however, still be prepared, we believe, to put more money into Germany, provided France as well as Great Britain joined in the business. But France is again haggling for ends of her own.

The ends this time are not financial, as they were in the opposition to the Hoover proposal, but political. The French are ready to lend money to Germany on certain terms, and those terms, whether reasonable or unreasonable in themselves, have been put in a way that affronts and outrages the Germans and disgusts the rest of the world. Four conditions have been canvassed. Germany should stop her "pocket-battleship" building. She should drop the project of the Customs Union with Austria. She should pledge herself to an "Eastern Locarno," accepting in perpetuity the Danzig Corridor and the Polish frontiers as now drawn. She should suppress certain mischief-making Nationalist organisations such as the "Stahlhelm." Now the first of these, we are bound to say, is a reasonable thing to ask. It is preposterous that a bankrupt State should borrow money to spend on what is, in all the circumstances, not merely a luxury, but a notoriously provocative luxury. We sympathise with Germany's complaints against the Treaty of Versailles. But the real offence does not lie in the restriction the Treaty imposes on German armaments; it lies in the failure of other nations to reduce their armaments. Nobody but a congenital idiot could ever have supposed that Germany would not struggle to recover her position as a Great Power, and in this mad world, when warships are still one of the acknowledged marks of greatness, it was inevitable that she should hanker after them. She has in fact succeeded in patenting a most ingenious and alarming instrument. Whether it would in action be so formidable as it looks we do not know. It is sufficient that it frightens the naval Powers, and France in particular, constitutes a real stumbling-block to the progress of disarmament, and involves an expense which Germany in her present plight cannot decently afford, even though it would not fall on this year's Budget.

It is no secret that Mr. Henderson has given friendly advice in this sense to Dr. Brüning. But it is one thing to give friendly advice, to ask for a voluntary gesture on the part of the German Government, and quite another to insist on the abandonment of naval building as an absolute condition. The German pride is offended, and Dr. Brüning and Herr Curtius, whatever their own views may be, have not dared to risk such a concession. Still less are they disposed to yield to the other demands, which have no such show of reason in their favour. The Austro-German Customs Union is *sub judice*, and it seems to us scandalous to ask the Germans to say that they will put the project in the waste-paper basket whatever The Hague Court may decide. As for the other two conditions, we do not know how far the French are really in earnest about them; but clearly they are impossible of acceptance.

Here, then, we are faced with a spectacular contest between pride and prejudice. The pride of the Germans, though it may take disagreeable forms in some cases, is fundamentally a proper national self-respect. The prejudice of the French is rooted in mistaken ambitions and fears for which their own conduct has unhappily given some justification. Their present attempt to exploit the misery of Germany is stupid as well as brutal. That is realised by some Frenchmen; M. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader, has pleaded for a policy of generosity which would aid Germany without exacting any conditions. But the general run of French politicians and publicists will have none of this. The Parisian press tells its readers daily that the trouble is exaggerated, and that the Germans are at their old game of bluffing. Some argue complacently that a German collapse, while it would directly hit England and America, would do little damage to French interests. Even the danger of a revolution on the other side of the Rhine need not be taken too seriously; the danger, indeed, might be decreased by a fall of real wages in Germany and a consequent diminution in unemployment. And so France had better let the Germans stew in their own juice. We are sorry to find an English journal showing itself even more ignoble and foolish than this. A leading article in the *Evening Standard* a day or two ago urged us to look on the bright side. It would not do, of course, "to rejoice over the punishment which Germany has brought on herself"; but there is no reason why we should not take advantage of the situation. "Germany was forging ahead in the markets of the world and increasing her exports year by year. She had become one of our principal competitors. Now her progress will inevitably be retarded, and that should give us the time we need to make up lost ground." How attractive are the morals and how comforting the economics of this little homily! And what a pity other competitors of ours cannot go to pieces like Germany! What a beano we should have if all Europe and a bit of Asia—Japan for preference—were to have their progress retarded!

But the voice of the Beaverbrook press is not the voice of England, and it is not the voice of the City. The hypothetical benefits that we might get from a financial collapse in Germany would be as nothing to the losses that we should certainly incur. There are many millions of British money, as well as of American, invested in Germany, and if the French can, or think they can, afford to twiddle their thumbs in this crisis, we cannot. As for the political consequences, either immediate or more distant, it is incredible that anyone in France should feel easy about them. Is the danger of a revolution really so slight? And even if it were bloodless and ended in a Government of the Right, what sort of

satisfaction would M. Laval expect to get out of Herr Hitler? Hardly, we think, a naval holiday, or the suppression of the Stahlhelm, or the prompt and cheerful payment of reparations. We hope that the French will yet be persuaded to abate their demands on Germany and join in pulling her out of the slough of despond. The sudden decision of the British Government to summon the international conference of Ministers in London for next Monday is in itself a hopeful sign. And the discussions which Mr. Henderson has had in Paris, followed by his visit with Mr. MacDonald to Berlin, may have helped to clear the air. If, after all, France remains obstinate, and if the United States persists in not coming in whilst France stands out, then Germany must try to extricate herself alone. She made a beginning on Wednesday with the new emergency decrees, which, however, amount to no more than a defensive measure to check a further run on the banks. Events are moving fast, and it would be waste of ink to prophesy about to-morrow or the day after. But one thing, we fear, can be pretty certainly predicted—such efforts as Germany can make by herself will only postpone the day when Britain and America will be forced to come to her rescue, with or without the French.

MONEY, WAGES AND EXPANSION

NO Government report has been so eagerly awaited for many years as the Report of the Macmillan Committee. For most people have an uneasy feeling that there is something badly wrong with our financial system, and not a few are inclined to lay all our economic troubles at the door of gold and the bankers. There are half a hundred estimable reformers who are perfectly prepared to restore the world to prosperity by this or that manipulation of currency and credit, and many times that number of manufacturers who think that they would run no risk of bankruptcy were it not for the machinations of high finance. All these are likely to be disappointed now that they have the report at last before them; for there is no suggestion in it that a change in banking policy can by itself lift the world out of its economic distress.

Those who cherished hopes less extravagant, and yet believed that our financial system stood in need of considerable reform, have reason to be encouraged by what Lord Macmillan and his colleagues have to say. With the solitary exception of Lord Bradbury, who signs a minority report all by himself, not one voice has been lifted up in favour of the retention of things as they are—unless we are to include Mr. Walton Newbold, the meaning of whose lengthy reservation we have been quite unable to discover. The rest of the Committee, including bankers, such as Mr. McKenna and Mr. Tulloch, economists so different as Mr. Keynes and Professor Gregory, business men, and representatives of Labour, are all in agreement that our and the world's financial policy stands in need of drastic revision. And what is more, they are all agreed in urging that our new policy ought to be expansionist in tendency, and directed to increasing the volume of investment and credit by every available means.

This conclusion is, to be sure, hedged round by the majority with careful conditions. Though the return to the gold standard in 1925 on a basis of pre-war parity is, by implication at least, condemned as a disastrous mistake, no support is given to the idea that we should go back now on what has been done, by adopting at this late hour the policy of devaluation. That, it is urged, would cost us too dear in terms of debts owed to us in sterling, would upset too many contractual obligations, and would cause too much dislocation. Right as it might have been to refrain from dragging the pound back to pre-war parity, the thing has been done; and only in the last resort can we now go back upon it.

Nevertheless, it is hinted that we may possibly have to go back on it, unless other measures are taken. For the burden of debts, national and private, payable in sterling may become intolerable if the level of world prices continues to fall. Accordingly, the Committee agrees that every possible step should be taken to promote, by international action, a rise in the world level of prices, as the only means of bringing the world back to economic equilibrium without disastrous conflicts over wages, bankruptcy and default on the part of the debtor nations, and a prolonged period of suffering which only the most rigid of economic theorists can contemplate as a necessary discipline.

The majority of the Committee believes, in opposition to the views of some bankers and economists, that the leading Governments and Central Banks, if they will act together, have it in their power to raise prices, and so restore equilibrium between debtor and creditor countries, between wages, profits and interest charges, and between primary and manufactured commodities. But they are not sanguine—as who can be?—about the prospects of getting common international action with these objects in view. They urge that we should try hard—far harder than we have tried as yet—to secure it, but they realise that we may fail.

If we do fail, and prices continue to fall or at best remain for some time at or near their present level, what are we to do? The remedy most commonly advocated is that we should reduce wages; and this view seems to have the support of Professor Gregory in his single-handed addendum to the report. But it finds no sanction in the report itself; and the policy of trying to cure the slump by cutting wages is roundly condemned in another addendum signed by six members, including Mr. Keynes, Mr. McKenna, and Mr. Ernest Bevin. For it is realised that if we begin a race to cut down wages, other countries are certain to follow our lead, and the result will be a depression of wage-standards all over the world, and a loss of consuming power to the wage-earners, because retail prices will certainly fall by much less than wages, if fixed charges are allowed to remain unaffected.

Instead of a lower wage policy, Mr. Keynes and his co-signatories want a policy of economic expansion, deliberately fostered not only by the banks, but also by the State through active measures to stimulate home industrial investment. This is, of course, the policy which has been consistently urged by the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, both as separate papers and as one. It receives, in less precise form, support from the majority of the Committee, which is prepared to see greater risks taken in the working of the gold standard, including a modification of the present requirements for gold backing for our internal currency. For it has been realised at last that we really do not need gold as a backing for currency at all, but only as a means of meeting possible export demands.

With this demand for an expansionist policy, Mr. Keynes and Mr. McKenna, but not Mr. Bevin or Sir Thomas Allen, couple a renewed demand for a "revenue tariff," combined with some system, direct or indirect, of subsidising our export trades. This matter has been argued out so fully and so recently in our columns that we see no reason for returning to it now, except to say that nothing in the present report causes us to change our minds about the unwisdom of the proposal. If our exports go on falling and our imports rising, it may become necessary for us to decrease imports and stimulate home employment by restrictive measures; but in our view a revenue tariff would be a very bad way of doing this, while any attempt to subsidise our exports would be likely to produce most dangerous international reactions. It would be infinitely better to bring about a

revival of international prices, or, if we unhappily find that task beyond our power, to attempt by measures of investment and development at home so to stimulate the efficiency of our industries as to hold our own without artificial aid to our exporting trades.

It remains true, however, that if prices do go on falling, money-wages cannot be kept indefinitely at the present level. In that case, as the Keynes addendum recognises, it would be grossly unfair to attempt to redress the balance by reductions in wages alone. If prices are really to be forced down to levels which involve persistent unemployment, losses instead of profits in the trades exposed to world forces, under-investment and serious destruction of existing capital values, the necessary sacrifices must obviously be shared by as many classes as possible; and above all the rentiers and all receivers of fixed incomes must be compelled to make their contribution as well as the wage-earners. There is a brief suggestion in the Keynes-McKenna-Bevin addendum of a "National Treaty" with this object in view; and it is a pity that this constructive proposal is not more fully developed, even though it is put forward only tentatively, as an alternative to measures which would result in a rise in the price-level.

The rest of the Committee appear to be too much under the spell of what they call "the sanctity of contracts" to make any definite proposal of this sort; but even they recognise that sanctity will not be of much help if burdens become too heavy to be borne without economic collapse. Hence their conversion to an expansionist policy, as the only alternative to some form of repudiation.

Now expansionism, it is recognised, means, not indeed a departure from the gold standard, but at any rate a managed currency under that standard. It therefore involves placing greatly increased authority for good or ill in the hands of the Bank of England. Mr. Bevin and Sir Thomas Allen draw the conclusion that the Bank ought to be taken out of private hands and made a public body, interested neither in its own profits nor in those of the City, save as constituents in the total of national welfare. The rest of the Committee do not take this view, on the ground that the Bank ought above all to be kept free from political intervention. If, however, mutual well-being depends on banking policy to the extent to which the entire Committee seem to admit that it does, it is not easy to defend the view that the Government ought to be left without any final control over a body which can certainly cause the failure, if not always the success, of any economic policy the Government may advance. Perhaps a nationalised Bank of England would not have behaved very differently in the past; and perhaps, even without nationalisation, the Bank may be persuaded to adopt a less deflationary policy in the future. But its position as a private body is none the less anomalous and, we think, indefensible. Certainly the case for nationalisation would become much stronger even than it is if a Board of National Investment were created, and a policy of national development set on foot, as Mr. Keynes and his colleagues suggest. For such a policy would mean big new demands on the banking system; and full control of the Bank of England might well prove to be indispensable to its carrying out.

In general, the report is a great advance on any previous document dealing with banking policy. It is far away indeed from the old-fashioned orthodox complacencies of the Cunliffe Report or even from the ideas underlying the Act which established the present fiduciary limit. It does state the view that money can be managed for good or ill, and should be managed to the best service of industry, and not under the autocratic rule of gold. And, if we may treat the Keynes-McKenna-Bevin addendum as an integral part of the report, it goes farther, and points clearly to a courageous policy of home investment and development as the best immediate means of coping with our difficulties.

STALIN'S CHANGES OF POLICY

[*The writer of this article, an Associate Member of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, took part in the Trade Delegation which visited Moscow in* 1929. *It has been his business to watch the subsequent developments free from any particular bias other than an interest in a possible market for engineering products.*—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

A GREAT deal has been written lately about the recent changes of policy of the Soviet Government, but unfortunately the writers seem to have been trying to twist the news either to prove that the Five Year Plan is a dismal failure or to make out that there has been no change of policy at all. For the intelligent observer this is annoying, because it is clearly important that both the successes and failures of this immense experiment should be accurately reported if critical conclusions are to be arrived at.

On reading the complete report of Stalin's speech which was published in *Izvestia* of July 5th, I feel that a very important aspect of these changes of policy has been completely overlooked. It is true that the changes have been forced upon the Government in part by the failure of the industrial programme, but what is so important is that the main changes have been precipitated by the success of the Collective Farming movement. It is this side of the question which now deserves attention.

To obtain perspective it is necessary to go back to a time when even members of the Communist Party thought the collective farms would be a failure. Early in 1929 Bukharin told the Party that the collective farms could only be expected to supply the grain necessary for the country in from five to ten years; in the October of that year there were only 8.8 per cent. of the peasant households in the collectives. In March of 1930 Stalin issued a protest against the forcing of peasants into the collectives, and at once there was a great cry throughout our press that the peasant policy had failed and the collectives were a failure. But when we come on to 1931 we find that the percentage of peasants in collectives had risen sharply to 35 per cent. by March 1st, and from that date onwards peasants were entering the collectives at the rate of 1,000,000 households every twenty days, until in June, 1931, we are confronted with the astounding figures of a 54 per cent. collectivisation.*

This means that there are now over 13,000,000 peasant households in these farms, or rather more than the total of village households in Germany and France put together.

What is the reason for this? It is to be found in the simple fact that peasants working large areas of pooled land with tractors can make much bigger profits than the individualist ever dreamt of. On an average the poor peasant doubled his income by joining the collectives. No wonder there was a rush to join when the spring results showed this increase of income.

The change in the conditions of the poor peasant has created an entirely new situation, and Stalin in his speech starts off with this point: "The conditions of the growth of our industry have changed in their very roots," he said, "and have created a new setting, which demands a new conception of management. . . . You will remember the old formula: 'The flight of the peasant from the country into the town.' What compelled the peasant to leave the country? Fear of hunger and of being out of work; by reason of which the country was to the peasant like a stepmother and he was ready to run away from it, it mattered not into what hell provided he got work." The picture has now completely changed, there is neither unemployment nor is there starvation in the country.

The town workers have been in the past mobilised in groups and sent into the country to help the collectives, and one may read between the lines of Stalin's speech that, not

* *Izvestia*, June 27th, 13,499,000, 54.7 per cent.

only has the peasant ceased to flow into the towns, but the workers have begun to flow back to the country. Naturally enough these workers, who are in many cases really peasants, would prefer to stay in the country. They would also write and tell their friends how fine country life was—no rationing to speak of, plenty of butter and eggs and so on—and soon there would be a steady trickle out of the factories and the mines back to the country, where the collectives, ever anxious to enlarge themselves, would absorb these workers permanently. This is corroborated by the cure which Stalin proposes: "There is one way out of this, and that is for our managers of organisations to make agreements with the collectives." Presumably the collectives will now be required to furnish so many lambs for the industrial slaughter.

The various changes of management, suggested by Stalin, centre round the task of raising the town level of living up to that of the country and thus stopping this flow. In the first place much of the drudgery must be eliminated by mechanisation, and in the second place the worker must be given more prospect of advancement. He describes the present condition of the unskilled worker who, in view of his having no prospect of advancement, feels himself to be merely a temporary inhabitant of industry, works only until he has a little surplus and then goes off to some other place "to try his luck." "Arising out of this," he says, "there is a general movement from one factory into another, a fluidity of working strength." So he insists:

> We must give a stimulus to the unskilled worker to become skilled . . . and the more courageous we are in setting out on this policy, the sooner we shall get over the problem of the flow of labour out of our industries. But that is not all. In order to attach the worker to his factory we must to the furthest possibility improve his supplies and living conditions. . . . One must understand that the present worker in the Soviet wishes to live assured of his material and cultural necessities, in particular of his food and lodging—he has this right and we are bound to guarantee him these conditions.

This then is the first motif of the speech—the town worker's lot must be improved, not because things are past bearing in the towns, but because of the great successes of the country. The second motif deals with industrial defects, and these must be left for a further article; they are interesting to consider but in no way justify the cry of a "Breakdown of the Plan." What is important is to realise that four-fifths of the inhabitants of the Soviet Union are agriculturists, and therefore the farming successes far outweigh the industrial failures. And the fact that the Tractor Stations have already exceeded their Five Year Plan* and sown no less than nine times what they did in 1930 (*Izvestia*, May 28th), is much more significant than the comparative failure of the Stalingrad tractor factory.

J. PARNELL MANDEVILLE.

(*To be concluded.*)

IT WILL LAST MY TIME

THE Englishmen in India who have any real voice in the future of the country are a very small community, a few hundred officials and senior Army officers, about an equal number of prominent business men, and a handful of senior educationists, missionaries, journalists, and lawyers. Most of these men are well over forty years old, and they do not expect to stay in India when they are much over fifty. They are continually being brought into contact with each other, for they live very much the same secluded social life as a generation ago, meeting rather more Indian officials and politicians than previously, but the relationship is seldom intimate, and most Englishmen have their ideas formed chiefly by contact with their fellow countrymen. In such a society it is easy for some idea to spread from one mind to another until it dominates the whole community. In the years which followed the Mutiny, when people still believed in Providence, the underlying sentiment seems to have been, "God has given us a great inheritance, let us make the best of it." To-day there is little doubt that the prevailing note is the phrase which is the title of this article. One does not hear it said openly, and with many officials it is probably a subconscious feeling which they would promptly repudiate, but nevertheless the idea is at the back of most Englishmen's minds when they reach a position of responsibility. It creeps insidiously into general policy, it blunts the edge of administrative efficiency, and it permeates down into the minds of subordinates.

At Simla and Delhi very few of the higher officials have any real confidence in the idea of a responsible Federal Government, any more than they believed in the Reforms of 1920. It does require a good measure of faith to believe that the huge and unwieldy Federal Government will ever function, but the English official looking forward to retiring in a few years remains benevolently neutral. Casting his mind back over the last century he would be inclined to echo what was said about the Third Empire, "It's all over now, but it was very good fun while it lasted." He sees in front of him a period of transition, during which he will remain in a comfortable and extremely lucrative post, and will be able to watch politicians in England and India struggling with the difficulties, the full extent of which he knows far better than they do. Every day he feels his own responsibilities decreasing. More and more is he becoming a technical adviser with no need to supply any initiative. It is a pleasant enough job at headquarters, over-paid and nowadays absurdly over-staffed, and the official sits back and thinks that someone presumably is at the helm, and though there are some dangerous-looking rocks in the offing they ought to get past the nearest ones all right. With any luck the India he knows and understands will last his time.

It is probably this lack of initiative in administration which most strikes anyone returning to India after some years' absence. Everywhere there is an impression of marking time, and it is accentuated by the economic depression which, while it does not reduce the number of officials, gives them a magnificent excuse for procrastination. It is probable that the disorders of last year have added to the temptation for the modern official to feel at the end of each week, "Thank Heavens, there's another seven days gone and nothing happened." Here and there a district officer, like Mr. F. C. Brayne at Gurgaon, will fight against this general *malaise*, but he will have little support from any Indians, none from the Indian politician, and usually seems to end by getting into trouble with his Provincial Government. In theory, some new driving power should come from the Indian ministers in the Provinces, but they are for the most part "safe" but unenterprising men busily absorbed in maintaining their precarious hold upon office in the welter of racial and communal antagonisms. The old bureaucratic machine, with all its faults, did function quite efficiently. It now seems to lie like a dead weight over the country, with the wheels hardly able to turn. This is partly due to continual tinkering. All sorts of new contraptions have been added without any engineer to see if they continued to work properly. Here and there, to use Mr. Strickland's phrase, a steel cog has been taken out, and a soft metal one hastily brought from the bazaar. Slowly and with much rasping the wheels revolve. There is a new Federal Government coming, let them build up their own machine. The senior official scribbles calculations on his blotting paper as to whether he will have to live in England or France if the Labour Government does not get turned out soon.

Commercial life is afflicted with the same disease. The foreigner in India recks little of politics, regarding anti-British movements and communal outbreaks with the

* The original Five Year Plan for Tractor Stations was designed to cover a sown area of 3,000,000 hectares. The area actually sown this year is already more than 18,000,000 hectares. Vide *Sotsialisticheskaya Rekonstruktsaya Sel'skova Hozyaistva*, 1931.

amused indifference which the English business man feels in South America when he finds his local Government in the throes of another revolution. In India, however, the English manufacturer cannot remain so aloof. He is affected to some extent by the feeling amongst his countrymen in the Services, and by the fact that he is the special butt of much Nationalist propaganda. It must also be remembered that the vast majority of men who are now controlling businesses in India were able to make very large sums during the last years of the war, and for two or three years subsequently. Many of them have invested the greater part of this money outside India. Sitting in their clubs over their evening whiskies and soda they turn over the advertisement pages of *Country Life* and the *Field*. You can get a nice place very cheap these days. Perhaps it would be best to stay another year or two in India, though it is getting pretty poisonous these days. "A year or two . . . it will just about last my time."

Here again, the feeling can only result in marking time. It may be a question of replacing old machinery, of training apprentices, of starting on some new line, of building new houses for the workers—these Labour Commission people having been a bit "stuffy" on the subject when they came round. The answer will always be the same. The position will be a bit clearer in a few years' time, it would be better to wait and see what happens after the Conference. As for the workers, well, it has been going on like this for a long time, and, after all, they still come in from the villages, far more of them than we want these days. Two years, three years . . . there is a vision of a well-kept lawn and a view of the downs in the background, a gardener with whom one can really talk, and trees swaying gently in a cool breeze. There will be plenty of work for some of those young men in the office when they have learnt the ropes. It will be their job to fight things out with the new Federal Government, or whatever it is there is all this talk about. Lord help them. You cannot teach an old dog new tricks, but it will last my time. . . .

Simla, June 18th. G. T. GARRATT.

PECUNIAGEDDON

"IN my opinion," said the American correspondent, "this has been the blackest week-end since 1914." I had observed the behaviour of my fellow-creatures (and myself) during the week-end. I found it difficult to believe him. Never having seen the Eton and Harrow match, I set out after lunch on Saturday for Lord's. If I was anxious, it was not about the European situation, but about the weather. Ought I to take an umbrella to protect my hat in case of rain? As I do not possess an umbrella, my anxiety, as I looked up at the clouds from the doorstep, will be easily understood.

Other problems arose when we reached the cricket ground. Every street in the neighbourhood was packed with cars, and it was in vain that we drove from street to street in search of a parking-place. Policemen waved us on and on till we seemed almost to have reached home again in our quest, when the last of all the policemen told us that there was no more room in the streets and that we must find a garage, which, luckily, he himself was able to show us. I was already exhausted when we got back to the ground, and longed only to sit down. Inside the ground, however, it was clear that it would be no easy matter to make one's way to a seat. In the lane between the stands and the camp of luncheon tents on the lawn, a mob of tall hats and summer dresses was trying to make its way through another mob of tall hats and summer dresses, while both from the lawns and the stands yet other tall hats and summer dresses gazed eagerly at the scene of colour and suffocation. Cricket was in progress out of sight; one could guess from the cheering that a boundary had been scored; but these people apparently were not struggling to see the cricket. They were struggling to see each other. I expected, on arriving at one of the stands, to find it empty, but, to my astonishment, it was crowded with exactly the same kind of people as were jostling one another in the kaleidoscope outside. Parents in top hats sat beside unfortunate small boys in top hats, accompanied by women in the rational dress of the pre-Georgian era. Many of the men wore cornflowers in their button-holes, for the old Harrovian is florally more boastful than the old Etonian. A boy in a striped cap had cut the ball twice in succession to the boundary, and the cornflowers trembled with the excitement of their aged wearers. Everybody said, "It's going to be a draw," for Harrow had already got well beyond a hundred with only one wicket gone, while Tindall looked as if he could go on hitting boundaries for ever. Outside, the promenade continued, indifferent to victory or defeat.

No whisper from Europe disturbed the self-absorption of this happy multitude. A ball well fielded was the cause of greater excitement than the fall of the mark. Could Harrow make it a draw? That was a matter that gave rise to some anxiety—an anxiety that was increased when Tindall was unexpectedly caught at the wicket. Worst of all, the Harrow players gradually began to show anxiety in their play. They were playing as if they were content not to score, provided they could remain at the wicket. When Baker was put on to bowl at the pavilion end, it was all up with them. Whether or not it was his manner of bowling that upset them—his preliminary dance with both arms waving like those of a man balancing on a tight-rope—he bewildered the batsmen and took wicket after wicket as if he had been bowling to mesmerised men. A new anxiety came into the faces of the old Harrovians. The question now was, not whether Harrow could force a draw, but whether it could escape being beaten by an innings. What mattered the Hoover plan at such an hour? Could Hoover stretch out a helping hand that would reach Harrow? Even I began to nourish a wild hope that the last man to go in would play the part of the hero of a school-story and with his partner would knock up a last-wicket score that would astonish civilisation.

Hope had faded by the time of the tea-interval. But, none the less, the stands emptied themselves into the field for the gay spectacle of the promenade, and so maintained the ancient tradition that on these occasions it is the spectators rather than the players who count. Here, as one looked around, one could see the last flowering of nineteenth-century civilisation. Here, in fact, was the nineteenth century itself in its luxury, its ease, its security from disaster. It is said by the critical that the top hats do not shine as they once did—that ancient hats are now brought out for the match at Lord's whereas it was once the custom to buy a new hat for the occasion. Still, it was an excellent imitation of a world living amid superfluities, a world with large balances at banks that could be shaken by nothing short of the end of everything, a world belonging to an age in which a gentleman could devote his entire time to sport.

Is it possible that a company like this will still be parading on the grass at Lord's at the beginning of July a century hence? I find it difficult to believe this. I think that the Eton and Harrow match is a piece of a delightful world that is vanishing, and I am not sure that the same thing is not true of cricket as it has so long been played. How, in a world in which inherited wealth is decreasing, and in which young men even of the most fortunate class have to work for their living, will it be possible for undergraduates at the Universities, for example, to go on devoting months of the summer to playing a game which normally takes up three days? It seems to me likely that, as time goes on, fewer and fewer amateurs will be able to afford the time for this three-day cricket. It is a game suited to a world with superfluous wealth and superfluous citizens, and I do not see why a one-day game could not be devised that it

would be possible for a hard-working undergraduate to play in his leisure hours. It may be said that it already exists in village cricket, but it is possible to foresee a time when a one-day game will also be the rule at the Universities and in the Counties. Otherwise cricket must cease to be a game for amateurs. It would be possible, of course, to continue three-day cricket as a purely professional game. But to have one kind of cricket for professionals and another kind for amateurs would be the least satisfactory of solutions. It may be retorted that the prophets foresee a civilisation enjoying greater leisure than has ever been known in the past, and that such a world will have even more time for cricket than the world of the nineteenth century. What the prophets mean, however, is that more people will enjoy more leisure, not that a class enjoying whole-time leisure will survive. This, also, is vanishing, and three-day cricket, which was its natural pastime and its symbol, must vanish with it.

The tea interval over, however, one said good-bye to thoughts so distressing. "Come on, Harrow," roared half the young in the stands as the last two batsmen came out of the pavilion to perform, if possible, a miracle. "The blackest week-end since 1914." If it was, it was not because the framework of Europe was tottering, but because one of those boys was almost certain to go out within the next five minutes. Hopes so high had been centred on the game. Harrow was said to possess the best batting-side that it had known for years, and odds were laid on a belated victory. The blue of the cornflowers in the button-holes was almost ostentatious. Yet here was humiliation within a few seconds' distance. The last wicket fell. The crowd raced over the grass to cheer the Etonians as they returned to the pavilion. Small boys stood and shouted, "We want Baker!" and so forth, till player after player came to the dressing-room window and waved to them. Then the shouting died down, and the tall hats and the summer dresses resumed the promenade on the grass. And even the middle-aged men who wore cornflowers looked unaccountably happy.

To tell the honest truth, I felt moderately happy myself. One reason was that I was not thinking about Europe. Another reason was that I was going out to dine with an extraordinarily interesting man and his wife. If it was the blackest week-end since 1914, moreover, I had not the slightest notion what it is all about. And I doubt if one person in a thousand at Lord's could have told me. Probably there is nothing that contributes more to human happiness than the general lack of intelligence. If I had had the sense to foresee all the things I have lived through since my childhood, I am sure I should have been as miserable as Jeremiah. Fortunately, "all unconscious of their doom, the little victims play." It may be that if we had the sense to foresee things, we should have the sense to prevent them from happening, and a case can be made out for the encouragement of an increase of intelligence. At the same time, we must frankly face the question: "Who is the more likely to be perfectly happy during the blackest week-end since 1914—the intelligent man or the unintelligent?" The answer, as everybody knows, is: "The unintelligent."

Y. Y.

MILK AND MUSIC

COWS are susceptible to the soft influences of music. Violins stimulate them to give more milk; but it is not the human touch that brings about the fulfilment of the dairyman's desire. The miracle may be performed by the aid of the gramophone. Trumpets on the other hand are not efficient lactagogues. Such are, in essence, the findings of Niebert and Koch published in a reputable German scientific journal (*Monatsschrift für Kinderheilkunde*, Vol. 33, p. 385). Niebert and Koch caused concerts to be given in a byre during milking time, and found that, whether or not music be the food of love, the yield of milk under its mollifying influence was from six to ten per cent. more plentiful than that secreted without musical accompaniment.

Scientific folk can be more fantastic even than the notoriously crazy tribe of artists in the pursuit of their respective ends. A drama in a barn played to a bucolic audience is nothing to a concert in a byre performed for the delectation of mild-eyed kine. We have heard of American dairy farmers turning on the gramophone in the cowsheds, but we have not heard of any investigator verifying these German results by repeating the experiments which were published in 1926. They may really indicate some connection between musical stimulation and lactation in cattle, or they may only prove that there is no folly of which experimental scientists are not capable, and, even outside Germany, no thesis is too absurd to be entertained by men of learning.

But is it, after all, more absurd to play violins to cows as a prelude to measuring the milk they secrete than it is to play a gramophone to a dog in order to measure his salivary secretion? We read with perfect composure of the momentous series of experiments carried out on dogs by the Russian physiologist Pavlov. They receive the respect and admiration of the entire scientific world. What is it that decides whether a proceeding is a serious scientific experiment or a mere piece of tomfoolery? It is obviously the rational hypothesis behind the experiment.

All experimentation is not scientific research. A great deal of it is below the scientific level. There is, for example, the childish proceeding of doing something unusual to see what will happen. Then there is the experiment that has for its impulse some purely mystical or magical notion. Such was a good deal of the experimental research of the alchemists. Only that kind of experiment which seeks to establish a link in the chain of knowledge already achieved reaches the scientific level. A random experiment may indeed be made part of a serious research programme if the experimenter uses his results as a basis for analysing a problem into its elements. He then starts again, with simplified conditions and a problem formulated. Pavlov's achievement consists in his having succeeded in reducing some part of the problem of animal behaviour to its elements. Eliminating every irrelevancy, he steadily faced a single issue at each stage. The secretion of saliva by his experimental animals, in response to the stimulus of a musical note of a given pitch, is a highly complex unit in a series beginning with performances of extreme simplicity and leading up with ever-increasing complexity through a logical chain of inquiry the end of which is beyond human ken.

Starting with an investigation of the simple reflex action in dogs involved in the secretion of saliva on the presentation of food, Pavlov devised and carried out his series of experiments. Under rigidly standardised and controlled conditions he measured the exact time and magnitude of the response. Neutral stimuli, such as the sounding of a note of given pitch, were afterwards substituted for the food by means of a suitable technique and made to evoke the same responses, illustrating a stage of behaviour in advance, in complexity, of the simple unconditioned reflex action. The conditioned reflex so produced enabled him to build up other and more complex conditioned reflexes and so to investigate, in its simplest form, the mechanism involved in the process of learning, by purely physiological means and without recourse to introspective phenomena or any subjective psychology whatsoever. In a similar way, by a skilful manipulation of simple and conditioned inhibitions, he determined the nature and order of events in the process of forgetting. He found, amongst other things, that dogs could be trained to discriminate between, and to respond automatically to, musical notes differing in pitch by only a few vibrations, a feat of which only the most accomplished musicians are capable. He thus demonstrated the essential mechanism in animal behaviour and its implied bearing on the problem of human behaviour.

But it would be hard to establish a rational basis for the supposition that the performance of a concert to cows, even by the greatest virtuoso, might increase their yield of milk. Nor is it the brute creation alone that has claimed the experimental attention of Niebert and Koch.. If cows, why not other mammals? So they tried the charms of music on the human breast. "Such pleasant airs as Handel's *Largo* and Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*" were played to wet-nurses. "During actual nursing lively airs and marches were played." Niebert and Koch were rewarded for their scientific zeal by observing an increase of milk secretion, but during the experimental period only. As a result of their success they intend to proceed to experiment on women whose milk supply is failing. They will not allow the practical applications of their investigation to rest here. They suggest that the radio be brought into requisition and that suitable music (minus trumpets, it is presumed) be broadcast to dairies. We have never heard of a German scientific journal pulling anybody's leg, but here we begin to suspect a rare example. The authors suggest that the broadcast of modern jazz music might be shown to form lactic acid in the milk!

The paper is entitled "The Effect of Music on the Efficiency of the Human Breast." But it has one more practical bearing, entirely removed from the subject of nursing women, and of the highest importance in the realm of Art. All artistic criticism is vitiated by the fact that it has been impossible to find objective criteria for the measurement of works of art. The critics of one generation have almost invariably damned those works which their successors of the next generation have lauded, and lauded the works which their successors have decried. Now in music at least we have a means of fixing a standard and a whole range of quantitative deviations. Our authors claim that it will be known whether Bach is more beneficial to the breast than Beethoven. Stravinsky will be put in his place without fear or favour. Even Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* will get no special consideration from the impartial lowing herd.

It seems hardly credible that research leading to such valuable results has not been followed up, repeated and confirmed, and made the basis of extensive practice. Are we to suspect that our experimenters have been "mistook in their jedgments" or are we to suppose that these investigations are of insufficient importance to demand the attention of serious workers? The truth is that their scientific basis is in serious doubt, a fact not unrelated to their investigations having been undertaken to supply immediate utility. There is a sharp division of opinion amongst scientists, brought into striking prominence the other day at the International History of Science Congress, concerning the aims of scientific research. One body of opinion holds that research must always be related to some utilitarian object, must in fact be in close touch with the social and economic life of the people amongst whom it arises. The Russian scientists to a man hold this view, and even go so far as to talk of "bourgeois mathematics" and "bourgeois physics." The opposing party hold that science should be pursued for its own sake irrespective of what gains or losses its discovered truths may bring to mankind. Each party waxes warm in defence of its views. The advocates of science for its own sake do not doubt that there will be those to apply the results of their investigations when they are ripe, any more than the protagonist of science for the sake of human betterment approves of playing music to cows to increase the milk supply before he has thoroughly investigated a mass of problems connected with animal physiology and the phenomenon of lactation, animal behaviour as a response to various stimuli, the analysis of musical sounds, and a host of unforeseen problems that may arise by the way. In any case he will probably find some more direct and less fantastic method of improving the quality and increasing the quantity of milch cattle than that of making music in the byres.

LOUIS HERRMAN.

HARD FACTS

A free translation or interpretation of a leading article in the French press.

AT this grim crisis of our national fate
No claims of sentiment can carry weight.
Let Anglo-Saxon dreamers, soft and blind,
Pose, if they will, as saviours of mankind:
Our cooler race, inflexibly austere,
Unmoved by passion, hatred, love, or fear,
Will weigh the *pros* and *cons*, and base its acts
On the hard bed-rock of established facts.
Let no revengeful thoughts our actions sway;
No lust of lucre lead our steps astray.
The Huns have sinned: yet this for guide we take,
That France may bend if Germany should break;
And France, a generous foe, may well forbear
To aggravate those woes herself must share;
Yet, proudly conscious of her sacred trust,
Before she dare be generous, will be just.
We view with pity, while we watch them sink,
A nation trembling on destruction's brink;
We view with fear the chance that in her fall
We too may crash, amidst the crash of all;
We own that Hoover's plan, at once applied,
May save ourselves and all the world beside;
Yet neither pity, gratitude, nor fear
Can change the facts, inflexibly austere.
Those rights remain for which alone we live—
Our sacred right to take and not to give;
Our rights to settle Europe as we please;
To unconditional annuities;
And, sacred above all the rest, our right
To cut our nose off, in our face's spite;
To lose a million rather than, in shame,
To 'bate one sixpence of our legal claim;
To doom ourselves and Europe to despair
Rather than in the salvage costs to share.
So the cool Latin mind will base its acts
On the hard bed-rock of established facts.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

PEACE AND PROPAGANDA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—We are often told that war is a best-seller and that the propagation of peace has little news-value. In the past many complaints have been made of the small space devoted to the work of the League by the popular press. The recent Disarmament meeting in the London Albert Hall provides an excellent opportunity to test this criticism. I give below the number of column inches devoted to this meeting in yesterday's issues of the seven London morning newspapers:

Times	Report	55¾	
	Leader	27½	
		— Total	83¼
Daily Herald	Report	58½	
	Leader	18	
		— Total	76½
News-Chronicle	Report	67½	
	Leader	4	
		— Total	71½
Daily Telegraph	Report	31½	
	Leader	16	
		— Total	47½
Morning Post			26½
Daily Mail			10
Daily Express			5½

It is interesting to note that the two newspapers which, more than any others, have been known for their stunts and irresponsible presentation of news are the ones that have printed negligible reports of the meeting. A study of the *Daily Express* is par-

ticularly interesting. If the amount of space given to any particular subject is the criterion of its importance we can assume that in the eyes of the *Daily Express* the considered views of the leaders of the three political parties and of one of Britain's greatest soldiers are no more important than the outwitting of some unemployed by Welsh gypsies, is only half as important as the blackmailing of a London dancing girl, and is only one-eighth as important as the goings on at Reno, the "heartache town ruled by women," if we may use this newspaper's own phraseology. Nearly twice as much space is devoted to a Somerset town which, we are told in block type, possesses "no electric light, gas, omnibus service or railway station." Can it be that this is the home town of the people who are responsible for the allocation of news in this great organ of public opinion? —Yours, etc.,

Nottinghamshire Federal Council, League of Nations Union. F. MORTIMER GRIMES.

KULAKS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—One ventures to doubt whether Mr. Alex Wicksteed's letter, in your current issue, will clear away as completely as he must desire the misapprehensions that are entertained regarding the treatment accorded to the Russian Kulak. Your correspondent, writing of the Kulak, says:

> When he (the Kulak) has by persuasion or *force majeure* been redeemed from the error of his ways he takes his place as a "worker," that is, a citizen of the Soviet Republic.

I understand Mr. Wicksteed to mean that when circumstances have prevented an ex-Kulak from living the life of a Kulak he is regarded as "redeemed," and that he then becomes an acceptable citizen of the Republic. But the former Kulak does not, immediately, obtain all the rights of the ordinary citizen. The Kulak, as a class, is denied access to the co-operative farms, and in dealing with the Kulak as a class the Russian authorities have denied to the individual Kulak the opportunity of working at the occupation of agriculture to which he has been trained. An official view bearing on this matter is, in part, expressed by Stalin himself in an address on Agarian Policy, delivered on Dec. 27th, 1929, who is recorded, in the English text, as saying:

> No less ridiculous is the other question, whether we can admit the Kulak into the collective farms. Of course not, he is the sworn enemy of the collectivisation movement.

Unfortunately for the former Kulak his troubles do not end with his exclusion from the farms. The impression that I have received while in Russia suggests to me that he may have much difficulty in obtaining other suitable employment, as, for example, in factories or other places. One has several times heard it said that a worker may lose his employment should it become known that he is an ex-Kulak. It would seem, therefore, that the worker who has recently ceased to be a Kulak obtains neither the rights nor the opportunities of the ordinary citizen.—Yours, etc.

Orchard Cottage, Waltham St. Lawrence. EDGAR C. WILLIS.

THE FASCIST TERROR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Prof. Toynbee's correspondence is far more mischievous from an anti-Fascist point of view than Commendatore Villari's clumsy defence.

It is perfectly true that one may go through the length and breadth of Italy and never notice that anything is wrong. Italians themselves are apt not to feel that they are living under a tyranny. I mean that "grey mass" which forms the majority of the population, which takes not the smallest interest in politics, which only wants to live and work in peace, and adapts itself to any government, content to lighten the burden by evading the laws when possible, and careful never to go against it openly. We call this attitude want of civil education. It is the great and recognised fault of a large part of the Italian people, and the reason why Fascism has lasted so long.

Another reason why the tyranny is less noticeable on the surface than in Russia or Turkey is its hypocrisy, born in the Duce's morbid brain and spreading downwards as far as his influence reaches, like a sickness. Take, for instance, the question of passports. Sometimes they are given readily, when the regime wishes to show that this talk of tyranny is unfounded, or is not afraid of the personage who asks for it, or even because it *is* afraid that the fuss he would make if denied it might be overheard abroad, as with Profs. Ferrero and Toscanini. But if an obscure and harmless citizen, who might tell abroad how things are in Italy, or be perverted by his friends in exile, asks for a passport, it is not refused him. Indeed, it is promised him. He waits hopefully, but it never comes. This is not bureaucratic dawdling, for he was never meant to have it. The Government wishes to appear paternal to all who do not put themselves against it. Meanwhile the occasion for the journey passes; the citizen grumbles a little, and then forgets all about it, as a passport would now be of no use to him.

People who do not travel, do not write, belong to no association and are not interested in general questions, do not feel a tyranny which strikes at these activities. They feel the taxes, but are told that they are worse elsewhere, so practise the virtue of *pazienza*. Even this "grey mass" is more aware of spies than your correspondent thinks. But they are not much troubled, for they have the remedy in their hands. That remedy is silence. Walls have ears in vain, if there is nothing for them to hear.

Spies are omnipresent. No doubt Prof. Toynbee had one attached to him during his journey in Italy, a hint from whom to the usher would make his entrance to the Tribunale Speciale the easiest thing in the world. When foreign correspondents are allowed at a trial, the judges are careful to give them a good impression to carry abroad with them. The regime is quite pathetically anxious about the good opinion of foreign countries, propaganda lies being such an integral part of its structure.

But the Pope has taken upon himself the task, for the sake of the children's souls, of showing Fascism to the world without its trappings; and even those who, like ourselves, have no love for clericalism, are grateful to him. He is in danger of becoming as popular in Italy as his namesake Pius IX during the first Risorgimento.—Yours, etc., AN ITALIAN.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Graham Wallas, in his letter in your issue of the 11th inst., has evidently misunderstood what I wrote to you in my previous letter concerning the *confino*. I never said that "politicals" were "held (*sic*) in company with disreputable moneylenders," etc. What I did say was that "the great majority of them (the *confinati*)—from three-quarters to four-fifths—are not politicals at all, but disreputable moneylenders," etc., which is a very different matter. Those who are *confinati* for political offences are sent to places other than those where the non-politicals are sent; the former are, in fact, often sent to *confino* in places on the mainland. Moreover, according to a recent article in the *Observer*, relegation to the islands has been abolished under the new code.—Yours, etc.,

1 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1. LUIGI VILLARI.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE FAMILY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I greatly appreciate your inclusion of an article on "Unemployment and the Family," and hope sincerely that this will be followed by other articles making a positive contribution to the solution of the "Dole" question.

Two matters appear to my mind to call for special investigation: (1) Can the Means Test be instituted without endangering the nature of the Insurance principle? (2) Can a Self-Help Test be applied by allotments, etc., to those remaining unemployed for long periods, so as to cultivate some feeling of self-reliance and responsibility towards the community amongst which they live?—Yours, etc.,

Eirene, 118 Bournville Lane, Bournville. HAROLD WATTS.

PRESS PERSECUTION IN EGYPT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The new Press Law in Egypt, which has been forwarded to King Fuad for signature, is a fair example of the repressive methods of the present regime in dealing with its critics. According to the information which has reached this country, it appears that the editor of an Egyptian newspaper will, in future, be continually in fear either of his personal imprisonment

or of incurring heavy fines should he depart from the monotonous and useless role of blessing the Government for all that it does.

The severe restrictions to be imposed by the new Press Law are really surprising in view of the optimistic speeches made by Sidky Pasha, the Prime Minister, on *his* announcement of the successful outcome of *his* elections. He stated then that "the results obtained constitute a proof that the present regime has the approval of the nation." Surely this claim that the country is so strongly behind him can hardly be considered seriously, either by his friends or by his opponents, so long as he gives himself away by such vindictive measures directed against the Opposition parties. If, as he states, Sidky Pasha has the confidence of the Egyptian people, he should be able to afford a little more indulgence towards his opponents rather than find it necessary to harass them further.

Again, according to a Reuter message from Cairo, dated May 18th (after the elections) Sidky Pasha promised that "the country will live constitutionally henceforth." It would appear that, only a month later, he has already broken this pledge by unconstitutionally submitting a new law for the approval of the King before the sanction of his newly elected Parliament has been obtained.

Finally, one hopes that the real meaning behind the harsh provisions of the Press Law will not be overlooked in those quarters where the question of an Anglo-Egyptian Treaty will be raised and where evidence will be required that Sidky Pasha really does represent the Egyptian nation and can speak on its behalf.—Yours, etc.,

"Coonor," West End Avenue, Pinner, Middlesex. W. H. READE (Major).

A BACKWARD COLONY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—An article in your issue of June 20th, gives a long account of the "backward" state of Cyprus. The poverty of the rural population and its deficient sanitation and cleanliness are set out in very vivid colours. The latter are, however, a direct consequence of a long prevailing poverty and privation, as was very wisely pointed out to me by an official who took an active part in the investigation, the outcome of which is the *Survey of Rural Life in Cyprus* mentioned in the article.

In this connection it would, I think, be of interest to examine the causes of this state of affairs and the reasons why after 53 years of British administration, Cyprus shows such little progress and its people are in the plight described by your correspondent. One great factor is the so-called "Tribute," by which during British occupation £2,600,000 has been taken away from the island for obligations and interests entirely foreign to it. The Convention of 1878 served as the set excuse; these payments, however, were actually used to relieve Great Britain of its pre-existing obligations, arising from the Turkish Loan of 1855, with which Cyprus had nothing to do. Sir Charles Orr, formerly Chief Secretary in Cyprus, in his book *Cyprus under British Rule*, referring to these exactions, considers them a singular instance in British colonial history and "contrary to preconceived notions," and inquires if it is not "the duty of the British Government to see that the revenue raised in taxation in any of its dependencies is expended for the benefit of those dependencies, and that no portion is utilised for exterior purposes having no direct individual connection with the taxpayers who provide the revenue."

Another important factor has been the system of administration given to the island in 1881 and still continuing virtually the same, which is so excessively bureaucratic that almost the whole of the island's revenues are absorbed by a costly administration, leaving very little to be applied for capital or productive purposes. To give a recent example, in this year's Budget over 58 per cent. of the whole expenditure is taken up by mere salaries (over 52 per cent., excluding teachers' salaries). As a consequence, no public works of any considerable importance have been carried out. There are no harbours or other shipping facilities in the main exporting centres of the island and the difficulties of loading at exposed roadsteads during the winter greatly hamper the export of agricultural products, on which the island depends. The small harbour of Famagusta of Venetian times, now being widened, can afford little assistance to the export trade, which chiefly centres in the southern parts.

A source of great disappointment and deterioration has been the apathetic attitude of the Government to the crying needs of the agrarian population, who, being in want of the necessary capital for their agricultural work, have been denied the facility of a State Agricultural Bank, making long term loans at low interest. Repeated representations on behalf of the people in this respect, dating as early as 1889, when a special deputation visited London, have met with refusals. In consequence, not only have the peasant farmers been unable to take advantage of improved methods of agriculture—the Hesiodian plough is still in use—but they have also fallen deep in debt and are now almost ruined. In 1925 a small agricultural Bank was established with Government guarantee; as it is, however, a private concern with profit as its primary object, it has been of very little assistance; its terms are difficult and the interest at which farmers can borrow from it through Co-operative Credit Societies is 9 to 10 per cent., after mortgaging property of double the value of the loan. It is obvious that very little hope of salvation can be expected from such half measures.

Under these circumstanes it is perhaps a matter of no astonishment that the peasants of Cyprus present a picture of an impoverished and desperate population.—Yours, etc.,

ZENON ROSSIDES.

Cyprus Delegation Office,
Kensington Palace Mansions,
London, W.8.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Alec Robertson's letter on this subject rather puzzles me. I have no inside knowledge, as he claims to have, of the actual sales of records of "classical" music by H.M.V. and Columbia. But I do know something about the circularisation of readers of the NATION AND ATHENAEUM, since it took place while I was literary editor and the Notes on Gramophone Records were in my department. I do not understand what Mr. Robertson means by saying that "they were not encouraging." The object of the circulation was not to obtain information about the sale of records—which was not my concern—but to find out whether our readers approved of the Notes, which we were the first weekly to introduce, and if so, whether they also approved of the kind of information about new records which we were giving them. It is a good long time ago that the answers to this questionnaire passed through *my* hands, but my recollection is that the information which they gave us was something like this:

(1) The replies were so encouraging that we decided to continue the feature;

(2) A considerable number of readers thought that we ought only to review good classical records;

(3) A considerable number of readers said that they were influenced to purchase records recommended in the Notes, and, as most of the records recommended were classical, this implied that a considerable number of readers of the NATION, at any rate, bought classical records.

Personally I buy most records of good classical or "exotic" music, and I know quite a considerable number of people who do the same, provided that they do not already possess a record of the same work. But the gramophone companies do not encourage the "highbrow" purchaser. Unless the retailer from whom you purchase keeps you regularly informed, and you read reviews of records in the papers, you may quite well never hear of the publication of a record that you would want. Then even a "highbrow" consumer does not want, say, three different recordings of one of the Beethoven Op. 59 quartet.

May I add that the fact that the National Gramophonic Society has not yet 1,000 members is no evidence as to the potential demand for classical records? I was myself a member, but ceased to be so, because I did not find that the quality of the recording was good enough.—Yours, etc.,

52 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. LEONARD WOOLF.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—One must always appreciate the interesting and authoritative views expressed by Mr. Constant Lambert, but we feel sure that if he were able to see from a manufacturer's point of view he would not be quite so cruel to them as he is in your

issue of July 4th. Speaking for ourselves, if we could issue all the kinds of records which Mr. Lambert would like we should be only too delighted, but the fact remains that a business has to exist by public demand, and if public demand is largely for light music, dance records, and so on, that demand has to be fulfilled.

Many recordings are made of the finest works and the public reception of them proves that only too often they are not a commercial venture; nevertheless, a perusal of our main record catalogue will show, I am convinced, that we have often and often had the courage of our convictions that the public must be given music of the best, and Mr. Lambert will, I am sure, agree with us that our effort has been no small one in this direction.—Yours, etc.,

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED,
363–367 Oxford Street, (F. L. HEATHORN).
London, W.1.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MEDICINE?

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As Dr. Layton knows very well, he is sending coals to Newcastle when he advises me to study *Sixpenny Pieces*. But when, in my article of July 4th, I referred to the unfortunate "separation of the medical art from religion and philosophy," I was talking about something very different from the kindly "creed held by the old-time Family Doctor."

Mr. Peverett's protest seems to be based on a similar misconception of what I was driving at. I do not follow his objection to my quotation from Sir George Newman's recent book. The fact that the words quoted occur only on the first page of that book scarcely lessens their significance; nor does the remainder of the sentence (my omission of which rouses Mr. Peverett's indignation) alter or amplify their meaning. Here is the whole sentence: "The first and last enemy of man on the earth is disease of the body; but somehow or other the strength and persistence of this hereditary foe has been reduced." If the words quoted do not convey Sir George Newman's meaning, he should not have used them. I have just re-read the whole of the page and I can see nothing in the context that in any way qualifies the author's definite statement. That there is plenty of "humanism," not to say sentimentality, in the rest of the book—in many ways an excellent one—is not disputed.—Yours, etc.,

London. H. R.

FREE SPEECH IN CHILDHOOD

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—There is one comment on Lord Russell's indictment of "ordinary education" which has not yet been made. He is like the owner of a private car who claims that it is better than a public bus. Now no one denies that the traveller in a private car enjoys great freedom, being able to go where and how he pleases. Yet his vehicle is costly and holds very few passengers. The traveller in the bus may have his liberty restricted, but he is certain of a good pennyworth.

Thus, while we should be proud that private vehicles dart about so freely on our educational highways, and ready to admit that most of the improvements in the public service are plagiarisms from private enterprise and experiment, it does not follow that the public service deserves the contempt of the experimentalists, seeing that most of the defects are economically inherent in the inclusiveness of the service.

The problem that I would put to Lord Russell is this: Let him imagine himself in an elementary school class-room with forty children; a thin partition divides his from other classes; outside is a small asphalt yard; he has a few rather old books and a strictly rationed supply of stationery and other materials. Under such conditions he would find that freedom of speech was impossible, poetic inspiration rare, and the production of plays a matter of very great difficulty. What would Lord Russell do? He would probably reckon that the facilities were only adequate for the education of ten children. He might therefore turn out the other thirty and forget about them; or he might turn them out to be led blindly to salvation later on by the enlightened ten; or, being a democrat, he might sacrifice some of his theories and do the best that he could manage with the whole forty—which is, in fact, just what the much-condemned exponents of ordinary education do.

Seeing that there is very little prospect of more money being spent on public education except in an upward extension, may we not hope for rather more realistic criticism from our educational idealists?

In case I should seem to be grinding an axe, may I add that I am an old Bedalian and have never personally taught in an elementary school?—Yours, etc.,

Swansea. ISABEL GARRIDO.

SPEECH DAYS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I was disagreeably surprised to find in your issue of July 4th the letter on school Speech Days by Mr. M. Chance. As another member of Stowe School I feel that I must hasten to dispute some of his statements, which are not in the least constructive, but merely detrimental to ideals not only honourable, but also essential and true.

It is indeed a fact that views on duty to the Empire are antiquated, for the sole reason that there are as yet no better ones to take their place. Their truth, however, is no less evident on account of their antiquity, and though I would be the last to rattle the sabre, school Speech Days are necessary to remind boys of their responsibility to that Empire whose progress is retarded by the apathy and pessimism of such as your correspondent.

As to the Lord Mayor's speech here on June 24th, I feel confident that Mr. Chance's impression of it was by no means universal. If any scepticism or ridicule was conveyed by the thunderous applause with which it was received, it is the first time that I have ever heard it expressed in such a way.—Yours, etc.,

Bruce House, Stowe School, J. M. ASHBY.
Buckingham.

CONTRACT BRIDGE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have not time to go through the hands called by the Culbertson team in the recent International Bridge match. But if Caliban is sufficiently interested to conduct such a research, he will find that various members of the Culbertson team made secondary bids on suits which did not reach the standard of strength laid down in the *Contract Bridge Blue Book*.

For example, in Hand No. 34, Mr. Culbertson's selected champion, Von Zedwitz, made a secondary bid of two diamonds on a suit of four cards (K, Q, 8, 5); and in Hand No. 40 Culbertson himself made a secondary call of two spades on a suit of four cards (A, K, 8, 3).

I think this is sufficient evidence to establish the statement in my previous letter, that Culbertson and his pet disciples not infrequently make secondary bids on suits which are not technically "biddable"; and that a Culbertson enthusiast, or even the great Ely himself, might very probably have shown the heart suits on the deal which provoked this interesting correspondence.—Yours, etc.,

Bexhill-on-Sea. B. H. DAVIES.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Arnold Lunn's letter, Caliban is right as to the bidding, according to Culbertson, and Mr. Lunn is wrong. Of course, the dealer should have shown his higher ranking suit first if it was a biddable suit—i.e., headed by 1½ honour tricks. Had the dealer held K, Q, 10, x hearts, he should have bid the hearts first, and one might stretch a point for K, Q, 9, x hearts if he had no other biddable suit in the hand and would otherwise be obliged to bid two no trumps, but holding a biddable diamond suit the dealer was certainly right in giving it preference.—Yours, etc.,

Metropolitan Club, A. CAMPBELL TURNER.
Washington, D.C.

Miscellany

THOUGHTS ON THE FRENCH COLONIAL EXHIBITION

ORGANISERS of the "Come to Britain" movement would be well advised to spend a little time at the Colonial Exhibition in Paris, where, indeed, exhibitions and the like are better ordered than they are in England. The organisers, if they are not too violently prejudiced in favour of the gospel they are paid to preach, will see neatly collected into a few acres all the reasons why large numbers of intelligent foreigners spend most of their spare time in France and never come to England at all. That such people act mistakenly cannot be doubted, but that they do so act cannot be doubted either, and it can only be a good thing to discover some of the reasons.

The French are better than anyone else at organising exhibitions; it is difficult to say why this is so; but so it is. An exhibition is a family affair, and in France you visit it with your family. The children are not sent to bed at seven as they are in England. They come with you to the Exhibition and both parties enjoy it. Most Englishmen would be shocked at seeing a child on a camel or drinking a glass of white wine at 11.15 p.m. France is, for all its intestine strife, one family made out of innumerable other families, and, despite the absence of propaganda of the kind that wastes so much ink in England, the whole French Empire wears the aspect of a family affair. You may have to murder your relatives more often than appears seemly to foreigners, but even a first-class colonial massacre can be made to look like a *crime passionnel* and the theoretic sanctity of the family is not affected. Certain it is that, at the present moment, the French Empire is a success and the British Empire is not. Further, the French Colonial Exhibition is a success and Wembley was a failure.

The Colonial Exhibition is in the Bois de Vincennes, while Wembley was at Wembley. Paris has taken the Exhibition into its own house, not dispatched it like a poor relation to the outer suburbs. Wembley would have looked much nicer in Regent's Park, but that would have offended our dignified seclusion. We do not want to have paying guests in our own house. How charming the French Exhibition looks among the trees and waters of Vincennes! After a broiling Paris day the *jets d'eau* by the artificial waters are as cooling as they are beautiful. You are allowed to forget that the object of the Exhibition is presumably to sell you something you do not want. The Exhibition has become an evening party to which all Paris has been invited, and has invited you. The Empire is offering a spontaneous and delicious hospitality at the moderate fee of sixpence a head. The infinite friendliness of Paris is symbolised by these fountains.

Certainly the Exhibition covers a large space, and as the *service des renseignements* functions with truly French incompetence, you get terribly exhausted looking for what you have come to see. But then, you can sit down every five yards and have a drink. The restaurants themselves have been rather a disappointment and the French family dines at home before going to the Exhibition. But the whole place seems one huge café designed for resting the tired legs of visitors, while every few yards there is a booth selling a single glass of some French wine. You could make a complete *tour viticole* of France inside the Exhibition. Doubtless, the working class and *petite bourgeoisie* of the capital which makes up the bulk of the visitors ought to be, as a result of this, in a disgusting state of intoxication. But the idea of such misconduct has never occurred to the happy family groups who are strolling round, and this though the Exhibition, and the cafés, and the booths are open to hours that would horrify any English edile. The Paris population is credited with being able to decide for itself when it wants to go to bed on a hot summer night.

And, meanwhile, what charming things the public has to look at! The French Empire being a family concern, everyone is interested in what his cousins have been doing. I do not chiefly mean the contents of the *pavillons*, such goods are inevitably rather boring except for purely business people; the *pavillons* are shut in the evening when the public is at the Exhibition. I refer rather to the larger structures that make the whole aspect of the place so interesting and delightful. France has perhaps more interesting colonies than we have; but still we might have done more at Wembley in reproducing those works of beauty which our coloured brother citizens, in contradistinction to ourselves, have produced. We seemed to think the Prince of Wales in butter a more interesting spectacle than, say, a reproduction of an Ajunta Cave. The papier mâché reproduction of the Angkor-Vat at Vincennes is the *clou* of the Exhibition and one of the most profoundly impressive spectacles I have ever seen. This vast and most monstrous edifice, palace and cathedral combined, raises its twisted cupolas to an electric heaven in solemn and awful majesty. Nothing could be more superbly arranged than the projectors that force out its colour, and reflect again in the surrounding moats the infinite labour of its sculpture. And through its long corridors, we see the forest of Vincennes, bringing to Paris the jungles of Cambodia. It is indubitable that the most beautiful object at Wembley was a gun: at Vincennes it is a cathedral.

Next door to it is the Sudanese village, as softly red as Angkor is metallically yellow. There can be no architectural comparison between these two constructions. Angkor-Vat is emphatically an object at which to wonder endlessly. I thought that perhaps it was the most beautiful building in the world. You merely wander coolly for a few moments along the narrow streets of the African village, and hope, without much satisfaction, that the inhabitants may begin to dance. And you may reflect how extraordinary it is that Angkor-Vat and the Sudan do not clash: that for the purposes of an exhibition, at any rate, these styles mingle so admirably together. There is an æsthetic proper to exhibitions, a sort of evening party æsthetic which has not yet been analysed by philosophers. The Moroccan switchback completes the triology. It is as excellent as a switchback as it is delightful as a spectacle, this great cardboard mountain glistening in the electric light with Moroccan hill towns and tiny forts. The sympathetic figure of Mr. Gary Cooper is alone lacking to perfect the landscape. As you whirl past these tiny constructions on the side of the cardboard hill you get an additional thrill out of your vertiginous descent, the thrill that comes from a certain opulence of imagination, from a recognition that a switchback need not be merely a switchback, but can become an object of beauty and romance outside itself. I have never before been on a beautiful switchback. It is a remarkable emotion.

Perhaps it is symbolical that I returned to London from the civilised pleasures of the Colonial Exhibition to find that good Mr. Lansbury, the only British Minister, I think, since Sir Robert Walpole to have a reasonable sense of values, was once more in trouble for his modest proposal to start "booze shops" and "gin alleys" in our public parks. I should like to think of this admirable man wandering through eternity in some perfectly organised exhibition, realising on a metaphysical plane the dreams which have cheered him on his earthly pilgrimage. But while we are waiting for what we trust may be long averted, the departure of Mr. Lansbury to a higher sphere, to ever cooler tea gardens and gayer parks, we can hope that he will be able to spend a few days of his vacation at the Colonial Exhibition. He will enjoy himself and perhaps pick up a few more hints for adding to our happiness.

The French have lately become rather boring about their not having a colour bar. But they are a simple-minded people and have only just learned that this is something to boast about. It is true that ever since the eighteenth century their whole attitude towards "savages" has been more enlightened than ours. In a sort of muddle-headed way they have believed that all men are equal. This has been a great help to them in scholarship; and is now becoming of great use to them in politics. On the not distant day when they have a black President, they will not find the experience distressing. The coloured citizens at the Colonial Exhibition are there by right of entry, not as freaks. I heard a certain amount of talk from non-French people as to how the native compound stank. French nostrils seem less susceptible to this particular form of snobbery. A good deal of space is given up at the Exhibition to the dances and the theatres of the French Empire. The Parisian takes a serious interest in these achievements of his fellow citizens. And in exchange a coloured citizen of the French Republic feels that in visiting Paris he is coming to his own capital. He must feel for it something of what the inhabitants of an outlying province felt for Imperial Rome. This is useful for the "visit France" movement; it is also useful in the graver problems of Imperial Government. Perhaps it is impossible for any Englishman who has not lived there a good deal quite to realise to what extent Paris is a pleasure and a pride to the Frenchman of colour. Certainly few things have depressed me more than the contrast between London and Paris in this respect; the contrast between the happy faces of the Indo-Chinese Frenchman grinning from ear to ear each with his *petite amie* in every café of the Quartier Latin, and the bored looks of our own Indian students, as they wander sulkily about the purlieus of Bloomsbury, keen on lawn tennis, but with no apparent means of amusing themselves. Perhaps the inhabitants of Indo-China are of a naturally gayer temperament than those of Bengal. But the contrast is nevertheless painful. I cannot help feeling that every Indian student who has ever lodged in Bloomsbury must go back to India feeling hatred for the Imperial metropolis, while every Indo-Chinese, however much he may criticise and even detest many aspects of French rule in the Orient, will, as much as Thackeray, look back with amused affection to the years he spent on the *rive gauche*. Paris is, I believe, the greatest cementing force of the French Empire.

These reflections may at first sight seem to take us away from the subject of the Colonial Exhibition. But it is not so really. The Colonial Exhibition is a success because the French can treat their colonial fellow citizens socially and intellectually as equals and welcome them at their Exhibition on equal terms. "Plant yourselves down here," they say, "and we will come and look at your civilisation as you can look at ours now you are here." There will be no attempt at moral preaching or bosh about "the white man's prestige." Paris is open to everyone who wants to come and enjoy himself according to his means and temperament. The Colonial Exhibition is in its proper place at the Bois de Vincennes, as Wembley would never have been at Wembley or anywhere else. The British Empire is better run than the French Empire in the obvious sense of the word, and Wembley was perhaps better run than the French Exhibition. But the personal note has been lacking in each case. The French Exhibition illustrates the right to be happy in a civilised way. It assumes that everyone of every colour is grown up: and so we could return again and again to the Exhibition, gaze with renewed adoration at the cupolas of Angkor reflected in the moat, wander among the narrow streets of the Sudanese town or risk our necks on the Moroccan switchback, admire the perfect lighting through the trees, slake our thirst with a cup of every wine from Provence to Anjou and feel that it is no mean thing to be in Paris, a citizen of the French Empire.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

THE LIMBER HORSES

THE creaking owl has left his tree,
Nor from the church is heard:
Dumb night keeps his own company,
The dead wind whispers not a word:

Between the dark heaven above
And the dead dark below
A simple firmament is set
Of thick white snow.

The air stands still: the very roots
Of all the trees lie still and cold:
—What is it gallops in the dark?
Gallops around that chapel old?

"We are those limber horses
That round your graveyard go:
Can you hear our feet crackle,
See our blue eyes glow?

"We are those limber horses;
Our bending necks are steel,
Our mighty flanks swing all like bells,
Chiming together as we wheel:

"He grasped, He drew His sharp wind
From its sheath of cold ice:
He struck us this side and on that,
He struck us once, He struck us twice,

"He coiled, He whirled His endless lash
Of biting white snow,
It reaches all our tender parts,
It darts to and fro.

"He woke us from our ancient sleep:
Like living agony we run,
Chosen, because beasts more beautiful
Than horses there are none.

"We are those limber horses
That round your graveyard go:
Can you hear our feet crackle,
See our frightful eyes glow?"

RICHARD HUGHES.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Measure for Measure," at the Fortune

THIS most uneven play gives a fine field for ingenious but inconclusive speculations about its authorship. Shakespeare was never more Shakespeare than when he wrote the two great speeches on death, and the characters are of the highest interest until they are wrecked by inconsistency. The realistic comic scenes are, I think, certainly Shakespearean, but the last act, laced though it be with some fine lines, seems to require some better explanation than the admitted inequality of a great artist's workmanship. It is as if Shakespeare had begun but not completed the revision of a play written by a lesser man or in his own immaturity. Only the subtlest producer could weld the play as it stands into a semblance of unity: he needs to transport the spectator gradually as the play advances to an imaginary world where the moral issues and general misanthropy of the earlier acts can be forgotten. Here the producer did not attempt to lift the play, and though I was grateful to see the play at all, it requires a visual beauty and a melodiousness of speech which the Fortune Theatre never began to provide. Mr. Baliol Holloway made an effective Angelo. He looked like a younger version of one of our most merciless modern judges, and spoke the often troublesome lines intelligibly. Isabella is a difficult character to make bearable: it is not a religious horror of sin which keeps her chaste, but either a

neurosis or the fear of an illegitimate child. Miss Jean Forbes Robertson made little of the part; she played Isabella, who was as clever a girl as ever came out of Girton, as if she were stupid, and she did little justice to the beauty of her lines. Finally Claudio wrecked one of the grandest speeches in literature by gasping and groaning instead of allowing the supremely dramatic lines to speak for themselves. For this no doubt the producer was responsible. Another most gratuitous error was not disguising the Duke in a false beard. Escalus and the comic parts were very well played.

"The Love Game"

The worst thing about *The Love Game*, by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton and Ralph Neale, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, is its title. The cynical clank of it was apparently sufficient to set throbbing the ready tom-toms of Shoe Lane, mustering the faithful in defence of Marriage. But actually the whole point of the play—a point made with reasonable clarity and explicitness—is that Marriage, as a spiritual state if not as an institution, is very capable of looking after itself. So long as your sentimental businessman shies in terror at his own middle-age, his marriage will be unsafe, while pretty typists are willing to help him to forget it. But it is equally certain that, sooner or later, habits, associations and the long chain of common intimacies will assert themselves, and that divorces no less than marriages provide ample opportunities for repentance at leisure. David Armstrong's third-act repentance, it is true, is not leisurely. The typist, not so very incredibly, has no wish to marry him and settle down to become his suburban background. She is quite as naively selfish as he is himself, and a good deal clearer in the head.

As a result he is jolted into an early discovery which his wife and children have already made, that for better or worse he has become a family animal—no bad thing to be, after all, when you are married to Margaret. Dramatic interest is focused naturally on his wife, and Miss Marie Lohr gives an admirably sympathetic performance which rises in its tenser scenes to magnificence. Mr. Malcolm Keen copes intelligently with David's muddleheadedness, but might profitably play for a little more sympathy. The children, who form a kind of chorus to their elders' distresses, are less convincingly drawn, but Mr. Frederick Peisley achieves wonders of intensity with a rather cubbish undergraduate, and Miss Mercia Swinburne's sweet superiority as a modern young lady is excellent (though she must avoid trying to "point" her words on occasions with what looks like a surreptitious grin). This is a refreshingly human sort of play, presenting an ordinary family and its problems without cant or cynicism, where either might be dreaded.

"Mrs. Fischer's War."

The piquancy of some of the scenes in *Mrs. Fischer's War*, at the Ambassadors, atones in some measure for the flabby handling of the plot. There are three conflicts implicit in the story—that of Carl Fischer, German by birth though English by informal adoption, that of his son whose patriotism must fight with filial affection, and that of Mrs. Fischer, torn between two loving loyalties. Yet not one of them is presented with anything like adequacy. Carl's dilemma is resolved in a silent head-in-hands reverie of such ambiguity that I for one never realised until the last act that his surrender to the German guards as he and his wife are travelling home from Germany on the night of August 4th was anything but involuntary. His son never seems to realise the existence of a dilemma at all, so powerful is the war-fever in him; while Mrs. Fischer's role is essentially one of passive agony until the war is over, when John becomes reconciled to his blinded father, apparently in sheer pity.

Mrs. Fischer's War fails because it never comes to grips with the high tragedy of its theme, of right conflicting with right; but, as I have suggested, it scores in atmospheric vividness. The pleasant quiet of a summer evening in the little village of Grauenberg is admirably contrasted with the sweating turmoil of the railway carriage in the last train to the frontier, and in both scenes Mr. William Barry's production is brilliant. In another vein, the meeting of husband and wife at Geneva in 1916 is movingly written and played, with no hint of banality or overstatement. Best of all is the reconstruction, passim, of England's wartime mentality in all its cruel fatuousness. The play, adapted from Mrs. Henrietta Leslie's novel by the authoress and Miss Joan Temple, tends to spread itself overmuch and the cast is unnecessarily huge. Miss Temple plays Mrs. Fischer with touching sincerity, and Mr. Tristan Rawson makes Carl a simple, likeable creature. Some minor characterisations are beautifully polished, particularly those of Mrs. Marriott Watson, Mr. Charles Maunsell and Mr. Toni Sympson.

"Quick Millions"

Quick Millions, at the Capitol, is a very good example of the now fashionable gangster film, a type of entertainment which makes progress every day. Unfortunately perhaps for public morality, the gangster life, alone of human occupations, seems really suitable for film treatment. In *Quick Millions* we had a story treated with much briskness and variety, and decorated with cynical and, on occasion, witty dialogue. The continuation and change of scene showed a true appreciation of "talkie" æsthetic, though perhaps we must make the almost inevitable complaint that people were inclined to talk a little too much. In addition, the film dealt not with bootlegging, in the stricter sense of the word, but with the whole problem of racketeering and the relations between racketeers and big business. *Quick Millions* probably paints a very good picture of one side of business life in the United States. The character of the main racketeer played by Spencer Tracy though less interesting than that of the hero in *Little Cæsar* is, as far as it goes, intelligently drawn. At the same picture house is shown an excellently told and photographed wild west picture, *Clearing the Range*, in which Hoot Gibson as a most engaging "blond Mexican" performs prodigies of valour in very pretty country and witches the world with matchless horsemanship.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, July 18th—
Athletics, Harvard and Yale v. Oxford and Cambridge, Stamford Bridge.

Sunday, July 19th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "Is England Declining?" Conway Hall, 11.

Monday, July 20th—
Haslemere Festival arranged by Arnold Dolmetsch, Court Music Louis XIII, XIV, XV, 8.
Festival of International Society for Contemporary Music, Oxford and London.
Golf, Scottish Amateur Championship, Prestwick.

Tuesday, July 21st—
Haslemere Festival, English Intimate Music, 8.
Foyle's Literary Luncheon. Speakers: Lord Riddell, Lord Gorell, Miss Rose Macaulay and Mr. J. C. Squire, Grosvenor House.

Wednesday, July 22nd—
Haslemere Festival, J. S. Bach, Peasant Cantata, 3.

Thursday, July 23rd—
Haslemere Festival, Spanish and Italian Music, 8.

Friday, July 24th—
Haslemere Festival, International Music, 8.
British Commonwealth Education Conference, Sir J. C. Beattie on "Education and the New Commonwealth," Bedford College, 5.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

NOT long ago I read that a chemist of Haywards Heath had dismissed his assistant because she had appeared at a dance in silk trousers; the reason he gave for this arbitrary action was that for her to dress in trousers was "against his religious code." If he has chanced to see it, this piece of news must have delighted Mr. Eric Gill, who in *Clothes* (Cape, 10s. 6d.) exposes the weakness of the theory which declares that trousers are particularly suitable for men, and skirts for women. The odd thing is this theory generally goes with a hearty, old-fashioned feminism. Trousers are spoken of as if they were a more reverent and a more difficult article of apparel than skirts, a garment which only masculine wit could properly manage and of which only masculine dignity was really worthy. The actual donning of trousers may to the senile, the insufficiently awake, or the incompletely sober present difficulties not always found in donning a skirt or skirted garment: that man will fail ignominiously who endeavours to put on trousers over the head, and to run and jump at a pair of trousers hanging on a peg (a method practised, I believe, in Gotham) is too arduous for most of us. But once they are on, what can be easier to walk in than trousers? Their only excuse is that they facilitate movement, and are equally convenient whatever task their wearer is doing. As they are easier to wear than skirts, so are they incomparably less dignified. Here the opponent of trousers is unassailable. Even in our modern industrialised civilisation, in which so much is sacrificed to convenience, we put our men into skirts when we wish to add to their dignity: doctors, priests, judges, councillors, and all members of noble orders have official robes that are skirted.

* * *

Mr. Gill is one of those authors who can only keep to the point by returning to it. Those who are already familiar with his writings will not need to be told that in this book on dress he writes of God, of social justice, of art, of sex, of work and of the philosophy of Thomas of Aquin. His main contention about clothes is indisputably sound. Clothes should be a part of a man—a naked man is an unfinished man; and the fashion and design of clothes should vary not with the sex of the wearer but with his or her occupation. Men and women, he says,

> have the same kind of body—to which are attached the same kind of head and two arms and two legs. The violent contrast between the clothes of modern "Western" men and women has clearly little or nothing to do with any difference of physique, and only "in this type of so-called" civilised country do we find this violent contrast; nowhere elsewhere and at no other time do we find anything of the sort. We find different clothes according to difference of function; . . . there is none of that nonsense about "men and the skirt" and "women and trousers." The skirt is not specially a female architecture nor the trouser a male. Were the Scots effeminate because they wore the kilt? Were the Japanese women or the women of Turkey unduly masculine because they wore a sort of trousers? Are the Hindus sexless because they wear neither trousers nor skirts? To dress men in a kind of clothes fundamentally different from those of women is as absurd as to put them to sleep in different kinds of beds or to put them to pray in different kinds of churches.

* * *

In a profound sentence which will appeal to all having friends or relatives who take any interest in that odd business, the Fashions, Mr. Gill writes:

> In the ordinary way people make a great deal of fuss about clothes and yet hardly think about them at all.

No one who has ever attended a "fitting" or been to those strange and solemn orgies at which the great Parisian dressmakers disclose to experts the plan of campaign will deny this. If thought were really given to clothes it would be evident that those who make and those who can afford to wear the more expensive varieties must first think of beauty. It is notorious that they do not do so. First is considered fashion, or *chic*; a few women whom the fashion does not suit, and who are too noticeable to be neglected, have a different garment made for them—and we are told that this is a *robe de style*. In the making of men's clothes (and here Mr. Gill is rightly moved to bitter anger), beauty counts never at all, and fashion is so drab that it deserves only, as does the consequent garment, the name of habit. All men, except the men of those professions which have official robes, have descended to the wearing of a dull variety of the bank-clerk's business suit—and those are technically and logically quite sound who would preach the use of the "dickey" and the cuff-protector, the washable collar ("always clean becoz never clean," as the advertisements did not say) and the exiguously tailored suit, strangely called not ready to burn but ready to wear. How sternly neglectful of beauty are the clothes worn by men at dinner—clothes that combine discomfort and lack of distinction to a degree never before experienced in sartorial history. Which of us, except the fortunately spectacled (all servants have good eyesight), have not at large functions been accosted as waiters? Which of us (including especially the bespectacled) have not hailed fellow-guests as waiters or, more luckily, as *sommeliers*? I remember a man who, dining solitarily and in the suit grimly known as "lounge," in a famous hostelry much frequented by Freemasons, accosted a gentleman adorned with many curious devices and hung about with chains and aprons, under the impression that he was an especially gorgeous kind of wine waiter. Coldly and courteously the accosted one disabused him, but did not disclose that he was the Duke of Dorset.

* * *

A great deal of Mr. Eric Gill's treatise is taken up with the discussion of clothes as a symbol of sex differences. I am so constituted—for myself I take it as a piece of good fortune—that when I hear sentences, however cleverly framed, that begin "Men . . ." or "Women . . ." I take it on myself to put "women" where the original speaker put "men," and *vice versa*, with surprisingly appropriate results. Indeed, I know only two sentences (and the variations on them) in which the word "men" cannot be substituted for the word "women." Mr. Gill, though he is less given to unproved prejudiced generalisations than most, still admits too easily as fundamental distinctions that are accidental. Also at times he blunders badly. For instance, in his argument against clothes as a means of distinguishing men from women:

> It is natural to dress up; it is natural to wear clothes. Both men and women have bodies and two arms and two legs. Both walk and both run. Both work and both play. But universally, apart from special circumstances wherein hiding seems desirable, all men and all women expose the face, and the face of woman remains hairless, but man grows a beard—and the beard grows at the very moment when differentiation becomes imperative. How simple, how excellent, how supremely intelligent!

How lamentably European! How almost Nordic! It is true that in most European countries, though there are notable exceptions, men do grow hair on the face after puberty; but in many other countries nothing of the sort occurs. The bearded Chinaman, Japanese or Korean, except in old age, is quite unusual. Many Hindus do not grow beards till they are old, and few Tibetans. I have never seen a photograph of a Red Indian with a beard, and I have known athletic and masculine Englishmen who, long after the age of twenty-five, were still scraping their ungenerous chins only twice a week. I am not sure how much it has to do with clothes (though I suspect a good deal), but I am sure that an intelligent view of human development rests on making as little as possible of the small difference between men and women. Mr. Gill not infrequently refers to religious sanctions. May I remind him of the Dominical saying recorded by Saint Clement the Alexandrine: Jesus, asked when his Kingdom should come, replied: When that which is, is as that which is not; and that which is within is as that which is without, and the male with the female, neither male nor female. RICHARD SUNNE.

"EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE"

Robert Walpole and His Age. By G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR. Cape. 15s.

New biographers of distinguished men are often found displaying nervousness whether or not what is sometimes called "the reading public" continues to take enough interest in the biographer's subject to consume a new Life of him, even in one volume. Mr. Stirling Taylor need feel no anxiety on this score. "Robin" Walpole still counts. Our author brings a fresh mind (indeed a very fresh mind) to his subject, and has spared no pains to do full justice both to the man and to his age. His point of view is his own point of view and smacks very agreeably of his own age, namely, the Present.

This is what we have a right to expect. Why, in July, 1931, should we be content to live listening to the already distant rumblings of Lord Macaulay's Essays, or remain satisfied with the highly standardised versions of the regular historians in their numerous calf-bound volumes? We all want to make up our own "backgrounds," and have a hand in the composition of our own pictures of the past. This new Life will help many of us, however stiff and old-fashioned we have grown, to make up a background of our own, for Mr. Taylor, whether we wholly agree with his point of view or not, writes his biography and history with genuine gusto and evident enjoyment.

The subject and the biographer fit one another after the same fashion as Mr. Taylor declares did George the First and Walpole, namely, "as a bean is suited to its husk." When the biographer goes on to say that, alike in their virtues and their vices, George and Walpole fitted into each other "as a jig-saw puzzle," we can pursue the comparison no farther, except to say that both Walpole and his new biographer were and are stern realists and made and make no endeavour "to consider the affairs of State in any close relation to a more spiritual existence beyond." But indeed the word "spiritual," and all that it implies, must be banished from the vocabulary of any biographer of Robert Walpole, who spent the whole of his useful life in doing what Mr. Garvin every Sunday in the *Observer* calls upon his readers to do, viz.: to look facts in the face—and very ugly faces facts wore in Walpole's day. What was Walpole's supreme duty to the country he served so well? It was to keep out the "Pretender," or the rightful King—as you choose to call him—and for that purpose to keep up a parliamentary majority by the use of the tools he found ready to his hand. Add to this the preservation of peace abroad and trade at home, and you have a life's work for any man.

Walpole never said "All men have their price." What he did say was, "These men"—meaning thereby A, B, C, D, E, F, G, etc., etc.—"have their price"; and as he needed those men to maintain his majority, he paid (when he could not get out of it) the price, or half the price, they demanded. Walpole dealt in cash, places and pensions, not in generalities. It was King David, not Walpole, who said (in his haste) "All men are liars." Walpole could distinguish between an honest man and a knave as well as anybody. He never attempted to bribe "Honest Shippen," who, he knew, was incapable of either taking or offering a bribe, and consequently never had the chance of either saving or ruining his country.

But we must give a specimen of our author's style and point of view:

> However commendable was the quality of Walpole's brain, however instinctively he was inclined to deal fairly with men and to govern for the good of the nation rather than in his own interests, the fact remains that he was living in a world that had on the whole a low standard of intelligence and a low code of morals. The South Sea Bubble could only have happened at a time when men were fairly equally divided into rogues and fools. That financial crisis was the first severe test of Walpole's capacity. His part in finding a remedy has perhaps been over-estimated; but how could any one have hoped to teach wisdom and honesty to a nation which was soon in part to be swept off its feet by the hysterical emotions of the Wesleyan Revival, while in another circle Bolingbroke was soon to endeavour with some success to reduce statesmanship to the same low level of a dreary mental morass? Bolingbroke and Wesley must be in the background of Walpole's portrait—figures that must always be kept in the mind's eye, dark symbols of the fact that it was useless at that time to legislate for honest and intelligent men, for they had not yet been born in sufficient numbers to make a working majority. Walpole had to deal with one of the most awkward moments of transition in the history of his country.

Some of us may find it a little hard to regard John Wesley, one of the most honest and intelligent of Tories, as a "dark symbol" of the dishonesty and stupidity of his century; but the quotation throws light upon Mr. Taylor's realistic point of view.

Mr. Taylor, in his interesting chapter entitled "The Sources of the Evidence," after paying (as all Walpolians must) tribute to the Venerable Archdeacon Coxe, the clerical compiler of the three magnificent quarto volumes of *Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford* (1798), and a clergyman who at one time was the Rector of Bemerton, a Church living that has holier than Walpolian associations, to Lord Morley's short and happily written *Life of Walpole* (1889) and to Mr. J. M. Robertson's *Walpole and Bolingbroke* (1919), goes on to say how much light has lately been thrown upon Sir Robert's times by the scores upon scores of publications of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. Of this information he has made considerable use, thereby adding to the pleasure of the modern reader who is apt to prefer the very words of the borough-mongers and place-hunters of the period to the well-turned sentences, conveying moral disapprobation, to be found in the standard historians. Amongst the agreeable qualities of this new biography is its occasional provocativeness. It was said of Lord Byron, if he did not say it of himself, that he hated most people and disliked the rest; and so it may be said of Mr. Stirling Taylor, that, saving the just exception of Sir Robert Walpole, he hates, despises, or dislikes nearly all the politicians of the period. But especially does he hate and despise Lord Bolingbroke, of whom he never writes save with intellectual contempt. And yet Mr. Taylor has a very proper respect for the opinions and judgments of a man's contemporaries, ranking them higher than the conventional expressions of professional historians. How, then, can Mr. Taylor account for the judgments and opinions of the men who sat at meat with St. John, and listened to his table-talk, or heard him explain the details of the Treaty of Utrecht? Are the opinions of Pope, Swift, Voltaire, upon the abilities of this amazing man to count for nothing? Heap upon Bolingbroke as many shameful epithets as you may think fit, but it is surely foolish to suggest that he was little better than a drunkard with a glib tongue in his head.

Then again there is Pulteney, of whom our biographer thinks very little and who certainly proved a failure in office. Yet Pulteney was an awkward customer to meet in a parliamentary scuffle, and even a biographer might have got the worst of it if he had ever found himself in personal conflict with either the Alcibiades or the Martial of the age. Walpole despised Bolingbroke, as he was well entitled to do, knowing him as he did, but for long periods he was desperately afraid of him as he never was of Harley.

But, returning to Walpole himself, the great thing, so it seems to us, to remember about him is that for long and dangerous years he bore almost alone upon his broad shoulders the whole responsibility of the realm. Responsibility is the test of statesmanship:

> Take some firm patriot who can boast with truth
> He ne'er has changed a dogma since his youth;
> Make him First Minister, and bid him then—
> Deal with dead doctrines? No! With living men.
> Let Bright responsible for England be,
> And straight in Bright a Chatham we should see—
> Improving rifles, lecturing at reviews
> And levying taxes for reforms in "screws."

These sprightly lines come from "St. Stephen's," a poem by the first Lord Lytton that many members of Parliament in the 'seventies knew by heart; but they are not particularly applicable to Walpole who, so far as we know, never abandoned a principle in his life. True, like a wise man, he had very few principles, but to those he stuck.

Fireside politicians have blamed Walpole for giving way to the mob, both an ill-dressed and a well-dressed mob, all bellowing "No Excise!" but though Walpole in obedience to one of his immovable principles, viz.: the safety of the realm, gave way about tobacco and wine, he never pretended to have altered his mind on the subject. How is the fact to be accounted for that, all through the eighteenth century, without any parliamentary representation worthy of the name, the mob—or if you prefer the word, the People—always did get their own way at a General Election whenever they cared enough to do so?

After laying down Mr. Stirling Taylor's biography and re-reading Lord Morley's delightful sketch (which many of his friends think the most agreeable of his occasional writings), we discover we have reached the comfortable conclusion that Walpole's reputation has for many years now long past stood

upon a firm basis, and one not likely to undergo in future much alteration. All the talk about his abominable and cynical personal corruption is, if not completely shattered, knocked severely about by the fact that after a profuse life, spent in keeping up his parliamentary majority, he died a poor man. As for his family, he made no bones about publicly providing for them; and as for himself, he only took care that if he were driven out of the country he had faithfully served, and left with a mouth to fill, he should not die of starvation. That Walpole was a coarse-fibred creature and had no more religion than a black beetle, is plain enough, and as for his language at table we have Lord Morley's word for it that it would drive every living fine lady from the room. But Morley wrote in 1888 and was not nicknamed "Priscilla" by his witty chief for nothing.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

MR. WOLFE IN SONNET AND EPIGRAM

Snow. By HUMBERT WOLFE. Gollancz. 6s.

It is pleasant to remember that even in summer the snow remains upon the ultimate peaks, though we have put aside alpenstock and lightly shouldered our butterfly net. But verse may languish in the valleys "like flowers with excess of scent," and Mr. Humbert Wolfe, in his new book of poems, has resolved to seek the mountain-bleakness. In an excellent poem he takes himself severely to task:

> Be mercilessly pure
> With form's uncompromising rectitude.
> Refuse the soft advances
> Of the charmed senses.

But resolutions are made to be broken, and we find Mr. Wolfe lingering in the leafy shade, content to conjure pleasing and cool images that may refresh the feverish brow of the Muse, happy

> To mourn in midsummer, because the bloom is over,
> The first cold snowflake and the wintry sea.

For his forms, however, Mr. Wolfe has chosen, in most of this book, the sonnet and the epigram. The sonnet is, of course, the recognised penitential form in which poets repent awhile for their magnificent sins, but its discipline nowadays is not really grim. Long ago a poet could in fourteen lines emulate patience upon a monument: in the marble and brass of the sonnet the emotions became fixed, and frail transitory love took an immortal seeming. But with Rupert Brooke and the moderns all that has been changed. The sonnet no longer bids Time beware; instead, it bids us the time of day and reminds us of our fleeting loves and desires. The conversational ease of the modern sonnet is symptomatic of that change. We may be thankful that Mr. Wolfe has yielded to the charm of the senses, and enjoy his instructions:

> No madam, leave the lamp, and tell your cook
> To serve laburnum-food, by which I mean
> Ambrosia with the soft and golden look
> Of those long blooms in which the dawn has been
> Entangled.

Laburnum and lotus: when our diet has been so delicate, we cannot be content until we have gathered roses in winter and hibernated at midsummer. In our romantic quest for what is strange, we shall turn from our own love and long for literary infidelities:

> So! shut your eyes! think "June," and what's the phrase
> Or thought first in your mind? "Bredon." "And why?"
> "How should I know? The heart has its own ways
> That make me wonder where and what is 'I.'
> Because a poet sang it, Bredon outstays
> The actual hills where, with my love, I'd lie."

It is significant that Mr. Wolfe should pay high tribute of praise to A. E. Housman and Edward FitzGerald. Those Shropshire fields are haunted at dusk by migrant cries of Greece and Sicily. The nightingales of Omar sing more fervently in English hedges because they remember far-away places. Verse, no longer the round of our activities, becomes the measure of our discontent. Romance has even rehabilitated the cuckoo, and since Wordsworth its note is no longer unpleasing: the unhomelike bird has become a romantic symbol. How well Mr. Wolfe captures the migrant with a conceit that will please all but the members of the Jockey Club. He hears those far "anvil-notes" and asks:

> Are you weary of our year, O earliest comer,
> Who beat for the horse of spring the shining shoe,
> In which he leaped into the straight of summer
> Changing his colours as he cantered through?

In these poems, Mr. Wolfe has wished "to promise, excite, withhold," and it cannot be said that his epigrams have a permanent quality, for the epigram by its very nature must have the apparent finality of wit. But in one poem, "Dürer's Praying Hands," there is a swift deepening change. The transitory of which he has sung is reversed, and we are caught in that other world "known by eyes that have lost their Paradise." Gods may come and go, but the praying hands of humanity remain.

BOOK HUNTING

Some Book-hunting Adventures. By R. S. GARNETT. Blackwood. 7s. 6d.

For over a year Mr. Garnett has been recounting these "Adventures" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and it is evident that a large number of readers are enjoying them, since we are told that they are to continue. The first impression one gets is that the charming garrulity of the author is inexhaustible. A hint, an incident, and he is alive with anecdote and humorous allusion, both so delightful that a critical attitude from the listener is absurd. One might just as well criticise Santa Claus or Hans Andersen. Mr. Garnett has the character of both those contributors to the sum of human happiness. In addition he has the bookiness and shelf-love of Charles Lamb, with an activity all his own in the field of French Romantic literature, and particular precision over the work of Alexandre Dumas père, on which he has been the acknowledged authority since Mr. E. V. Lucas discovered that fact a quarter of a century ago—or was it half a century?

Mr. Garnett found as a boy that he had a singular talent for alighting on rare books and first editions. He was only sixteen when, one lunchtime during his first days in a solicitor's office, he wandered up Gray's Inn Lane and stopped outside a lock-up shop of very dismal appearance, whose window contained, amongst a few fly-blown sheets of music and useless volumes, a book labelled, "in watery ink in a girlish hand, 'Old-Time Child's Book, 4d.' At the foot of the title I read: 'At the Juvenile Library, Hanway Street (opposite Soho Square), Oxford Street, and to be had of all Booksellers, 1805.' *Something I had heard came into my mind.* I turned the handle of the shop-door, and went inside."

SUMMER SHELL

The seasonal blending of Shell gives you a petrol more perfectly suited to Summer temperatures than is possible with any fuel blended on a compromise for all-the-year-round use.

ON SALE AT EVERY SHELL PUMP

There, half-reclining on the counter, was a beautiful young woman, weeping. He read to her in French, and her astonishment made her forget her troubles. The enchanted boy walked away with the book, forgetting to pay for it. When he got home that night, his father spoke as follows:

> This, my dear boy, is undoubtedly a very interesting book. The title, "The Looking-glass, a True History of the Early Years of an Artist," attractive though it is, becomes fascinating when one knows that the artist was William Mulready, R.A., and that he himself supplied the illustrations while yet a child. They were engraved by William Blake—a man of genius. As for the author, who disguises himself on the title under the *nom de plume* "Theophilus Marcliffe," he was no other than William Godwin. . . . The tiny book is a great rarity, as, indeed, are most of the volumes published by or for Godwin at the "Juvenile Library." Preserve it carefully.

It was indeed a lucky find to alight on one of the few publications put forth by Baldwins, of Skinner Street, Holborn, as Godwin styled himself during his venture as a publisher of books for children. Through him appeared the Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare*. What intuition, what touch of genius, inspired the boy's mind? The answer is found, perhaps, in the passage italicised above. The youngster had breathed booklore from birth, and at sixteen he went out into the world of humanity and remainder boxes with an eye as alert and unconsciously sophisticated as that of any bibliophile four times his age.

Mr. Garnett ends that particular Adventure by describing how he returned next day to pay for the book, and also to renew the acquaintance with the adorable being from whose hands he took it. "I found a card," he says, "with TO BE LET in the otherwise empty little window. I stood there gazing at it for a long time. Sometimes, though fifty years have nearly passed and gone, I stand there still. . . . To say more would be to spoil all."

But his adventures are not only among books, though most of them end with the acquisition of another treasure. He lives a fairy existence, half Dickensian, half Hans Andersen, in a world of amiable cousins, friends, clients, and servants all of whom are "characters," playing their happy parts, *sans gêne*, in these little comedies which carry, beneath their delightful variety of scene, person, and event, always the same plot; and that is, the discovery of a rare volume. Nobody else has done anything quite like these tales, for nobody could supply, by the accident of birth, the same background of culture, of varied and famous literary acquaintance, and of almost incredible family unity and affection.

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ENGLISH MUSIC

English Music. By SIR W. H. HADOW. With an Introduction by DR. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS. Longmans, Green. 3s. 6d.

Even a small book on English music must begin with apologies! Sir Henry Hadow quotes from a letter of Cicero to Atticus: "I can hardly suppose that you would expect a Briton to have any knowledge of music or letters," and in his Introduction Dr. Vaughan Williams begins an argument, "If we are the 'land without music' . . ." All this seems rather unnecessary until one realises that the critic of English music, unlike the critic of English poetry, instinctively feels himself to be at a disadvantage. His sympathies with English music have an air of being patriotic, while the most effusive raptures over Keats or Donne will seem to be wholly personal. Indeed, at the moment serious critics have to be careful what they write about English music, for fear of implicating themselves in some newspaper stunt on the lines of "Come to England and hear our English music, which is the best in the world." National advertisement of this sort unfortunately passes with many people as music criticism, and the newspaper "critic" who wrote the other day that Sousa was a better musician than Berlioz was probably taken seriously by people as ignorant as himself. Books like Sir Henry Hadow's, then, begin with apology and refutation, and their criticism is restrained, particularly when it comes to a question of praising.

But the difficulty of being patriotic is not avoided even by writers of the quality of Sir Henry Hadow and Dr. Vaughan Williams. Dr. Vaughan Williams mentions as our "great men," Byrd, Purcell, Sullivan, Parry, and Elgar. Three lines previously he has referred to such "small men" as Monteverde, Liszt and Stravinsky. Is it really his opinion that Sullivan is a great musician and that Monteverde is not? One hardly thinks so. Yet Sir Henry Hadow praises Sullivan with few reservations, and when he is dealing with a great musician such as Purcell he is sharply critical and indeed does him a good deal less than justice. His book, of course, is one of a series whose aim it is to stress the English quality of things, and probably this accounts for some statements and omissions which are strange from a purely musical point of view. Handel, for example, is omitted, though his influence on English music has been immense and most of his work was composed and performed in England. Surely the "English" quality of *The Messiah* alone and its popularity with English audiences of all kinds should ensure Handel's place in any history of English music? Then again, Delius is dismissed as exotic, and Holst praised for his "superb cycle" *The Planets*. This "superb cycle" in fact shows Holst's clumsiness of invention very plainly, but it also contains some jolly English tunes of which, in writing a book on English music, Sir Henry Hadow was no doubt thinking.

Some of these are small points and only worth mentioning because they may surprise intelligent readers. The merits of *English Music* far outweigh a few blemishes. It is a delightful and learned history in brief, with a colour of the different periods which one very rarely finds in musical histories. The chapter on "Beginnings," for example, is an admirably compact and vivid account of early church and tavern music, St. Dunstan, the gleemen and the harp, bagpipes and tibia of Ireland, Scotland and Wales; and there is an excellent description of the illumination, reproduced in Grove, of the musical instruments of the time. Rather more space is given to the Tudor period than to the seventeenth century, but the historical interest of the picture compensates for any regret one may have that Sir Henry Hadow has been critically severe on the so-called "Golden Age of English music." His criticism of Parry and Elgar is generous and admirably balanced. The younger living composers are mentioned briefly and tentatively. This is the first pocketable history of English music that we have had, and it is written completely within this proportion and with a readability which should attract other readers besides musicians. The musical illustrations are printed together at the end of the book: a habit which might well be followed in all books where detailed technical criticism does not require their presence in the text.

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The Firm of Cadbury, 1831–1931. By IOLO A. WILLIAMS. Constable. 10s. 6d.

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PLINY: Oh come, sir! Really!
BALBUS: Safe! Look at my constituency: North-East-by-North Birmingham, with its four square miles of confectionery works! Do you know that in the Christmas cracker trade Birmingham is the workshop of the world?
CRASSUS: Take Gateshead and Middlesbrough alone! Do you know that there has not been a day's unemployment there for five years past, and that their daily output of chocolate creams totals up to twenty thousand tons?
MAGNUS: It is certainly a consoling thought that if we were peacefully blockaded by the League of Nations we could live for at least three weeks on our chocolate creams.

The Apple Cart.

In view of Mr. Shaw's very intelligent anticipation of the future of British industry, we should all read with particular interest the history of Cadbury Brothers, Ltd., the great pioneer firm in this business of chocolate creams. It is indeed an absorbing history from several points of view; for the Cadburys have been pioneers in many directions, and they have shown the world how much can be done by employers with a social conscience to improve the lot of their fellow-men.

Mr. Iolo Williams has given us an admirable sketch of the rise of the firm during a hundred years, from a business employing a few people to make, almost entirely by hand, a small quantity of cocoa and chocolate, to one employing many thousands of men and women, and vast mechanical power, for the manufacture of huge quantities. One figure will give some idea of the present size of the business. At Bournville alone some 120,000 tons of railway traffic are handled in a year. Side by side with this growth has necessarily come another change—from the personal control of a proprietor working with his employees to that of a Board of Directors—chiefly his grandchildren and great-grandchildren—whose contact with their workpeople must be maintained through their staff, and through councils and committees. Yet throughout the century of progress and change Mr. Williams rightly finds a unity of purpose: the daily personal concern of a family that has steadily tried to apply, as an employer of labour, the principles of its Quaker faith. John Cadbury, the founder of the firm, was known as a just and enlightened employer. His sons, Richard and George, taught the world that manufacturing processes could be carried out better in healthy conditions than in the slums of an overcrowded town. And the lesson which Mr. Williams draws from the last thirty years of the firm's history is that the limited liability company need not be a worse employer than the individual master, but can, under sympathetic direction and wise delegation, do far more for its workpeople than was possible under the older system. The moral of the whole story seems to be that honesty and public spirit are the best policy, but that that policy can never be properly applied by those who are guided solely by self-interest. In this and other instances it is true to say that the Quakers have grown rich because they were good.

A considerable section of the book is taken up by an account of the Bournville factory and its intricate network of social and welfare organisations, and these particulars will be eagerly studied by other employers who wish to pursue an enlightened policy. The influence of the Cadburys has not, however, been confined to Bournville. It has extended in many directions; and one of the most interesting chapters describes the prolonged efforts of Mr. W. A. Cadbury in the early years of the present century to improve labour conditions in the Portuguese colonies of Sao Thomé and Principé—efforts which brought him little but anxiety and abuse, though they ultimately achieved their purpose.

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SECKER

LITTLE AUBREY

The Scandal and Credulities of John Aubrey. Edited by JOHN COLLIER. Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.

John Aubrey would, I think, have been pleased by this little book of selections from his *Brief Lives*, though with some reservations as to his editor's rather arbitrary abridgment of sentences and paragraphs, a process which no author relishes. Both author and editor have what may be called the anti-don mentality. Aubrey, indeed, was used hardly enough by one don, his curmudgeonly antiquarian friend Wood, for whom he engaged in his so congenial task of gossip-collecting; he has been, on the other hand, well served by others, who have made from time to time various partial transcriptions and publications of his slovenly and difficult MSS, until one of them, Dr. Andrew Clark, edited an almost complete edition, with every kind of helpful and scholarly note, in 1898. This is, of course, the standard and popularly known edition, the Aubrey on which, together with Anthony Wood's incorporations of him, we were all reared. Mr. Collier says that "with all its excellence, Mr. Clark's edition is not to be read for pleasure"; he leaves it "to scholars, who either have power to draw nourishment from drier chips than I can find any in, or can live on precious little." I am not sure that he is right here; Clark's Aubrey is very good reading, even for the comparatively unlearned, and is, in fact, very widely read, though one must admit that there is a good deal of skip. It has been left to an entertaining and brilliant novelist to compile an entertaining and popular selection, not for scholars, of the Lives, omitting, for the sake of readableness, the merely arid and fragmentary, and, for the sake no doubt of brevity, a good deal besides. Mr. Collier has, in short, extracted the plums (or many of them) from the cake, and served them up in a dish by themselves, with the sauce of a pleasant introduction. It makes an agreeable-looking, nicely decorated and handy volume, containing about fifty out of some three hundred and fifty lives. The introduction, perhaps too mannered for the fastidious, a thought too fanciful for the plain man, will delight the romantically ingenuous. It very prettily (though perhaps with over much of compliment, for Mr. Collier is, I think, a little intoxicated with the mere glamour of period) sets forth its author's view of this gifted and painstaking gossip, who may aptly be summed up by his own description of Dr. Ralph Kettel, whose "braine was like a Hasty Pudding, where there were Memorie, Judgment and Phancy all stirred together. . . . If you had to doe with him, taking him for a Foole, you would have found in him great subtilty and reach; *è contra*, if you treated him as a Wise man, you would have mistaken him for a Foole." The title Mr. Collier has given to his selections indicates that it is on Aubrey's

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faculty of Phancy that he has most concentrated. He intends, he says, "to throw an abrupt and violent light upon that element in Aubrey which is least dependent on verifiable facts."

The best way to see this gentleman's gifts fairly and coolly, and to weigh his merits against those of other gossips, is to try (and it is not easy when dealing with this so charming century) to rid one's mind of the romance of period, and to imagine his comments (as one easily may with many of them, though some are too grossly ill-mannered even for the present returning fashion of rude personalities) written by a society paragraphist of to-day. "This William," says Aubrey, of the Earl of Pembroke, "had a little cur-dog which loved him, and the Earle loved the dog. When the Earle dyed, the dog . . . pined away and dyed under the hearse, the picture of which Dog is under his picture." If one is inclined to ejaculate, with Miss Ruth Draper's American lady before a canine effigy, "Why, isn't that cute!" it may be a corrective to take up some popular newspaper and read about "the Prince's" little dog Jane (quaere the name, as Aubrey would say), who loves him, and the Prince loves the dog. Period and language differences apart, does one paragraph show more artistry than the other?

But I do not want to seem to be running down Aubrey, in whom there is infinite charm, entertainment and interest, besides much that is merely trivial or merely vulgar. (With regard to this last quality, it is enough to say that neither Mr. Aubrey nor Mr. Collier is as squeamish about it as Dr. Clark, who was not squeamish either.) Scandal, that little bird that tells such interesting tales in the ears of ready listeners, flies perpetually on the border-line between artistry and commonness, and Aubrey was not the man to reject any of its twitterings. He revelled in the "intrigues behind the curtains"; where Clarendon attributed the misery and reckless death of Lord Falkland, "that incomparable young man," to grief at his country's strifes, Aubrey has been "well enformed" that what had unmanned him was the death of his mistress. He knows all about everyone's diseases and social disasters, and a wealth of even more interesting facts concerning them. He sandwiches indecent little stories between excellent accounts of men, books, politics, and worldly affairs; his garrulous pen runs on, perpetually bland and gay. From this "magpie collection" Mr. Collier has made a lively selection, though he omits plenty of good material. To those, if there be any, who are interested in deceased human beings and do not yet know their Aubrey, this little book will be an excellent introduction to him, and may lead them on to read in Clark, or in the *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, some of the stories which Mr. Collier leaves out. I wish, by the way, that Mr. Collier had followed Clark's example in indicating when he is omitting a passage or phrase; some of his abridgments are a little arbitrary and secretive, and occasionally reckless of his author's style; also, he takes rather a number of liberties with the text in his task of making it "go" well. But these complaints he will, perhaps rightly, dismiss as those of the "querulous scholars" for whom his book is not meant. As a lively and popular book of extracts from a classic, these Scandals and Credulities should have a great success. I wish it many editions, and that the next may have an index.

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THE BASIL HALLS

The Aristocratic Journey: Letters of Mrs. Basil Hall from America, 1827-28. Edited by UNA POPE-HENNESSY. Putnam. 21s.

Travels in India, Ceylon and Borneo. By CAPTAIN BASIL HALL. Selected and edited by H. G. RAWLINSON. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

In the spring of 1827—that is to say, six months before Mrs. Frances Trollope went to America on a journey that made social history—a less sophisticated young Englishwoman set sail from the Mersey with her husband. He was Captain Basil Hall of the Royal Navy, already known as a considerable traveller and author. The couple spent fourteen months in the United States. Basil Hall's account of the tour stands in the records of Anglo-American relations by the side of Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans*. Together they made an uproar which was not surpassed in America until the appearance of *Martin Chuzzlewit* in 1844. What Mrs. Hall thought of the country and its people is now for the first time made known. She wrote volubly to her sister, and since she was persuaded that English ways were the only possible standard of civilisation we need not be surprised that she should write of American life and manners, though in kindlier mood, very much as Mrs. Trollope was to write. Some regions of America, especially the banks of the Hudson, Mrs. Hall finds magnificent. She likes Boston, Baltimore and Washington, and upon one boarding-house in Philadelphia she pours extravagant praise. But in general she is a complaining traveller. American meals and meal-times seem to her awkward and ridiculous. She cannot get used to the stiffness and queerness of American parties, the chairs rigidly set by the wall, the separation of the sexes, and the rarity of women guests at dinners. She wonders at the slowness of the people's speech and the swiftness of their eating, the persistence of their curiosity, the loudness of their self-praise, the absence of easy chairs, and the ubiquity of the two-pronged fork. She is too simple to see that in a land from which domestic service is alien the visitor cannot expect to find "that refinement and ease" to which she is accustomed in England. The most surprising aspect of the tour is the vast quantity of introductions, callers, and social engagements. And its most delightful feature, undoubtedly, is the Basil Halls' infant daughter. If it had not been for Eliza's fair skin and marvellously sunny temper we may guess that her parents would have found their American hosts somewhat less unvaryingly open-hearted than they were.

Mrs. Hall's pen ran along artlessly, unhampered by thoughts of any audience. The Captain was a practised chronicler of adventures, one of the most accomplished of his time. His *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, published just a hundred years ago, in nine volumes, enjoyed a long and deserved success. Professor Rawlinson has chosen twelve chapters, relating to scenes between Bombay and Borneo. They include a once-famous alligator hunt, a brilliant description of surf-riding at Madras, some fascinating animal stories, and sketches of Indian festivals and religious rites. Professor Rawlinson has done a bare minimum of editing. His selections would have been the better for a certain amount of annotation. Dame Una Pope-Hennessy, on the other hand, would have been well-advised to omit her unnecessary summaries of Mrs. Hall's letters. They deserve a fuller and more informative introduction.

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Albert Einstein. By ANTON REISER. Thornton Butterworth. 8s. 6d.

Here are the main facts of Einstein's life; abandoning his German citizenship, mainly to avoid military service, which horrified him, he spent his early years in Italy and Switzerland as a restless, moody, solitary and rather dissatisfied student of theoretical physics, a Bohemian of science. He acquired his training almost haphazard, by the solving of problems as they happened to engage his attention. Then as his interest became concentrated upon a particular group of questions his achievements and his reputation rapidly grew, and he could quite soon settle down undisturbed to the researches he has pursued ever since. Herr Reiser maintains that Einstein's immense fame is due to "the magic of a great personality," and not, as might be supposed, to his scientific brilliance. Nothing in this book makes the theory plausible. Herr Reiser cannot adduce a single characteristic which might have been expected in the absence of Einstein's scientific attainments to make much impression on his surroundings. He has not succeeded in conveying any definite picture, still less the magic of a great personality. He writes with little insight into human minds, without plan, and without the least variation of emphasis. Many of the qualities he assigns to Einstein actually contradict one another. The book appears to have been generated by a desire to eulogise an idealised scientific discoverer, unevenly tempered by occasional recollection of the actual Einstein.

The Indian Civil Service, 1601-1930. By L. S. S. O'MALLEY. Murray. 12s.

It is singular that the most famous administrative service in the world should hitherto have had no historian. Mr. O'Malley, who served for twenty-six years in Bengal, has made good the omission in a volume written with all the care of the I.C.S. tradition. The early servants of the East India Company were, of course, merchants who had to learn the craft of administration, in a land crowded equally with temptations and opportunities. The "factors" and "writers," as Mr. O'Malley reminds us, "were men of their age, and the age was in many ways ruthless and corrupt." The architects of the modern service were Warren Hastings and Lord Cornwallis, and during the first half of the nineteenth century the Company had the good fortune to recruit, by means of Haileybury College, a remarkable number of men in whom a passion for executive efficiency was combined with strong character. Mr. O'Malley deals incidentally with some of these, and he traces the growth and change of the Service from the Mutiny epoch to the new India of the Montagu Constitution. His account of the district and provincial system and of the relations between the I.C.S. and the people is excellently done. Mr. O'Malley might have added many to his portrait gallery of eminent civilians, from Bentincks' and Dalhousie's men to those who chafed under Lord Curzon, and in later editions he should be able without difficulty to expand his chapter on the Service and literature. It is just as well, by the by, that Curzon is not at hand to rebuke a member of the I.C.S. who speaks of the Law and Finance members of the Viceroy's Council as "legal" and "financial."

Two Royal Domains of France. By D. MCDOUGALL. Cape. 15s.

Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon. From the French of TOUCHARD-LAFOSSE. Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

The domains with which Mr. McDougall is mainly concerned are the Tuileries and Versailles, though his interest in the development of the Italian garden in France often leads him farther afield. The real hero of his book is André Le Notre, the greatest of all gardeners to those who look upon garden planning as a branch of architecture. But if the garden is his theme, Mr. McDougall sets it happily in its periods, and peoples it with all the pageantry of life. One thing leads to another; but, stray as he may into anecdotage and history, we find that we are always led back to that formal garden of the formal world. The book is fully illustrated, many of the reproductions of prints being from the collections in the British Museum.

Mr. Sneyd apologises in his preface to *Louis XIV and Madame de Maintenon* for the method of his adaptation, which is frankly free. We continually have the sensation in reading his book that it is some modern reporter-gossip-writer's record of a visit to the Court of Louis XIV in the days of its piety and decline. This illusion, however, is not altogether distasteful, for it gives a flavour of actuality to the scandal if not to the history. It is interesting to compare Mr. McDougall's delight in Versailles with Touchard-Lafosse's notes on its inconveniences and discomforts. As for the gardens, the chronicler can see little but their artificiality, the arid nature of the soil, and the stagnant water when the pumps are not working.

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PLAYTIME

BY CALIBAN

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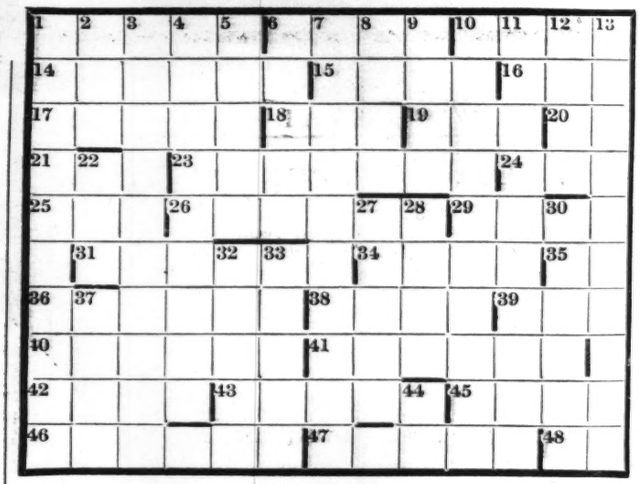

METROPOLITAN

The Metropolitan clues are 1, 3, 7, 11 and 13 down

ACROSS.

1. Steps to be taken on parade.
6. A slight slip among the children.
10. You can do this best if you are Webb footed.
14. 'Sno snow there.
15. A well-equipped wilderness might be this paradise.
16. I have just come away from the Opera.
17, 20. Goddess who might interest the gas-inspector (!)
18. Once again, there is no mineral.
19. Also this—at Ascot.
21. My plural has languished in American gaols.
23. In I go with a plop.
24. An Epstein model.
25. Anger in a telegram.
26. A modest affair ends royally.
29. Agemo.
31. Dmirable Crichton.
34. Reverse a part of what the owl said.
35. That's that is, that was.
36. You're not dressed at Ascot, you're this.
38. Pass along in Central Asia.
39. Monks, in brief.
40. A powerful irritant in Africa.
41. Trinculo fans in the mass.
42. Mr. Churchill's medium.
43. Always faithful and true.
45, 48. Mr. Hagen's position.
46. Popular columnist.
47. Put over Plutarch.

DOWN.

2. Stalky was fond of my plural.
4. There's but one of us in the neighbourhood of 3 *down*.
5. Tangled endeavours.
6. The serpent becomes his human counterpart.
8. I shall put a bit of my foot down.
9. You could upset the wicked king and behead him, and you'd get some good illustrations then.
10. The one that most resembled the blacksmith.
12. A notion that falls something short of the highest.
22. Ours is described as Christian.
27. The reverse of a golfer's paradise.
28. For the second time, we pass along in Central Asia.
30. A big bean has turned up at the Bank (!)
32. Ornamentation that vaguely suggests Kipps.
33. Part of the night life of Paris.
37. A peep into the man who gives us socks.
44. Initials of a Meredithean adventurer.

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BRIDGE

By CALIBAN

HOW TO BID AT CONTRACT: A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIVE HANDS

No. XVI. Pre-emptive opening Bid of Five in a Minor Suit.

North:		East:	
♠ J 8 3	♥ J 6 4	♠ A Q 7 6 4	♥ 10 9 3
♦ J 10 4 3	♣ 9 6 4	♦ Q 8 7 5	♣ A
West:		**South:**	
♠ K 10 9 5 2	♥ K Q 8 2	♠ None	♥ A 7 5
♦ A K 9	♣ J	♦ 6 2	♣ K Q 10 8 7 5 3 2

Score: Love all. South deals.

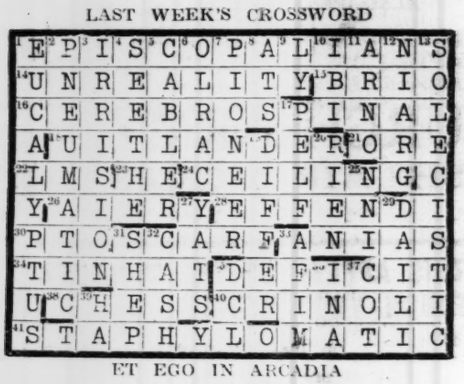
The Bidding:

South - - 5 ♣ All Pass.

Notes on the Bidding:

It is normally useless to make, in a Minor Suit, a pre-emptive bid of less than Five. To bid Four merely calls attention to one's weakness, and invites retaliation. Five should be bid (*a*) if not vulnerable, on the probability of eight playing tricks; (*b*) if vulnerable, on nine. In either case the game will be well saved, since a loss of 400 or 600 points can only be incurred if partner holds a "bust"; and the pre-emptive bid will probably prevent the adversaries from getting into touch with one another. This point is well illustrated in my example. South makes eight tricks—a loss undoubled of 150 points; but West-East could have scored a small slam in Spades. South's pre-emptive bid saves his side some 830 points.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



NOTES.

ACROSS. 15. Con brio. 16. Cerebro-spinal meningitis=spotted fever. 22. Sir Josiah Stamp is President of the L.M.S. 23. Heman. 26. Aiery=Aerie. 33. (An)anias. 34. Tin Hat=staff officer. 40. Crinoli(ne).

DOWN. 6. Don Carlo(s). 8, 9. Salty. 11. Florence. 31. Shep(h)erd). 32. C—ash; Omar Khayyam. 33. Faim. 36 (Pat)ina. 37. Three meanings.

ET EGO IN ARCADIA

About Motoring

AT THE WHEEL OF THE NEW CAR

I HAVE just been guilty of gross extravagance. My extravagance is one against which many motorists are entrenching themselves in a somewhat defeatist spirit, for I have bought a new car. My old car, built in 1929, was unquestionably capable of serving me for another 50,000 miles without risk of serious mechanical trouble. It was certainly a little shabby in appearance, but it remained entirely dependable, and was decidedly faster than the newcomer which now occupies my garage. I try to humbug myself that I sold out on solid financial ground. I was allowed £150 on the old car, and if I had kept it for another three years, I should have been lucky to get £50 for it in 1934. But such reasoning is fundamentally false. The financial essence is that I have signed a large cheque, which I might have given to the poor or invested at a profit. So I plead guilty to gross extravagance, and couple with the confession a boast that I am completely impenitent; for it gives me the most exquisite pleasure to drive this new car, and the sensation is a thousand times worth the sacrifice of cash.

This is nevertheless rather surprising, for the new car is of the mass production type, whereas its predecessor was a far more expensive vehicle, produced in a factory where the hands are still craftsmen, and where chassis are lovingly tested by individuals who take a pride in a job which they regard as their vocation. The old car was a good twelve miles an hour faster, too; and it was a far more imposing vehicle to behold. This new purchase has, in fact, revealed to me the pettiness of my own nature, for my present glee is mostly compounded of innumerable absurd trifles. Let me outline some of them.

The old car had a bald hub to its steering wheel, carrying nothing but throttle and ignition levers. Its horn switch was on the dash—of all idiotic places; and as it had no dipper when delivered, I had added a stiff lever under the wheel to reduce lamp dazzle. This new car has a horn push on the wheel hub; and beside it a dinky little trigger which flicks out the off-side headlamp, swinging the near-side headlamp downwards and sideways. The old car was a little fierce on its fourth speed. In heavy traffic I was perpetually working the gear-lever like a pump-handle, and the top gear had to be relinquished whenever the speed fell beneath 20 m.p.h. This new car is so flexible on its fourth speed that I can set the engine running slowly enough for me to climb out at the driver's door, walk round the moving car and re-enter by the far door. Moreover, it has a "silent third," or, to use the American term, a "traffic top"; and if the whim seizes me to drive naughtily in traffic, spurting past my neighbours rather impudently, I can change down on to third gear, and momentarily enjoy the fiendish acceleration of a sports car. Yet this gear is as quiet as fourth speed, and is so easy to change that I don't have to display any skill in handling it.

The coachwork is also a great joy to my childish soul. Three of the doors can be locked by pulling their handles up instead of down—none of that clumsy plated bolt business! The fourth door handle contains a socket for a Yale key; and I can leave all my lumber and my wife's parcels in the car wherever I park it, knowing that everything will be safe on my return. Of course, in the modern fashion it bristles with gadgets. It has a stop light, which is automatically applied by the brake pedal, and relieves me at one fell swoop of quite 50 per cent. of those tiresome traffic signals which compel less fortunate men to thrust a tweed-clad arm out into the weather, and condemn one to keep the neighbouring window wide open on cold wet nights. I only open my window—which has a lightning winder—when I wish to give the "right turn" signal; and that hardly happens once in a blue moon.

Should disaster in the shape of a sooted plug or a punctured tyre beset me on the road, I am no longer compelled to disembark disgruntled passengers on to a windswept moor, for all my tools are neatly housed on the engine side of the scuttle. I pose—or shall pose, for the first disaster is yet to come—as a martyr on such occasions. I shall be welcomed back to the warm interior after my short period of exposure with squeaks of feminine appreciation, and be offered flasks or cigarette cases as a reward for my self-sacrifice. I notice, further, that suspension has improved considerably in the last few years. The car pitches and bounces much less than its predecessor, and there are no sharp edges to those inevitable jars which a half-worn modern road imposes on the traveller.

Now that the new car has completed 250 miles, I have spent an intimate hour making its closer acquaintance in the garage, wielding a grease gun. Its springs are bushed with Silentbloc, which requires no lubrication. The number of grease nipples is no longer legion. You can see the few nipples which survive. You can get at them without adopting the attitudes of a contortionist. It has a gauge which professes to tell me exactly how many gallons of fuel remain in my tank; this gauge may be a liar, but as I have not yet caught it tripping, I am proud of it. It has overflow plugs on the bulge of its back axle and on its gear box. I no longer have to poke a hand torch at tiny holes, and strain my eyes to see if the oil is low. There is a huge window in the stern panel, through which I can see to reverse by day; and at night there is a cheery little lamp which shows up the verge of my neighbour's lawn, concerning which he has always been so fussy in the past after an evening's bridge. Moreover, this large stern window has a curtain operated by a concealed cord, so that I am not dazzled when a powerful car sits on my tail at night.

You retort that all modern cars possess these and many other advantages. I *know!* That is just why I am so thrilled with my new possession. For the first time in many moons my soul is delivered from an obsessing and irrational envy; and I have therefore recovered my self-respect.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

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Our object in mentioning this case is not to suggest that "The New Statesman and Nation" is the best medium for finding jobs, but we *do* consider that this advertiser's experience goes to prove the claim that our "classified" advertisements are carefully read.

There is, indeed, a character about the "New Statesman and Nation" "Smalls" which attracts attention, and we invite our readers, in their private or business capacity, to make the fullest use of these advertisement columns.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

GERMAN "SHOCK" TACTICS—OTHER CRISES IN THE CAPITALIST WORLD—OIL—"RUBBISH" SHARES

THE London Stock Exchange as a whole is keeping its head in the hour of crisis. There has been no rush to sell, partly because dealers marked down prices very severely, partly because the crisis foreseen is never so shocking as the unexpected. For weeks past the City had known that the Darmstädter und Nationalbank was in difficulties. The Bank's managing director, Jacob Goldschmidt, cannot be called a popular figure and has been accused from many sides of speculation. This may have accounted for some sympathy in the City with the French point of view. The Darmstädter in any case has always been heavily involved in the financing of industry. Its total liabilities, according to Herr Goldschmidt, are Rm. 1,500,000,000, including foreign obligations of Rm. 460,000,000, all of which the German Government has undertaken to guarantee. The London market is involved to the extent of about £9,000,000 spread over some twenty banks and acceptance houses. Of course, none of the German banks could meet its foreign liabilities if the currency utterly collapsed. And collapse it will unless the Central Banks grant the almost unlimited credit that will restore confidence. It is legitimate to be angry with the German Government for failing to take steps weeks ago to prevent the domestic flight from the mark, but it is folly of a very dangerous kind for the French to demand political safeguards as the price of financial help. It is not merely the stability of Germany which is at stake, it is the stability of the whole capitalist world. The Macmillan Report may at last convince public opinion that unless the Central Banks "redress the fall" in wholesale prices, the economic life of every debtor country is endangered, the sanctity of every contract is called into question, and the whole structure of capitalist society is undermined.

* * *

Germany is not the only country living in a volcanic state of crisis. Austria, condemned under the Peace Treaties to be an "economically impossible" country, rises and goes to bed with a crisis every day. Hungary must be feeling very sick. The primary producers in South America have for the most part been made bankrupt by the fall in commodity prices. Only two —Argentina and Colombia—are paying their way—Argentina because it has reserves of gold large enough to last out another year or so of slump, Colombia because its coffee industry has prospered through the coffee valorisation policy of Brazil. How Brazil manages to pay the interest (£23,000,000 per annum) on its external debt and meet its other payments abroad (£20,000,000 per annum) when its favourable balance of visible trade in the first five months of this year was only £8,000,000 is a mystery which, I hope, Sir Otto Niemeyer will solve. Chile is trying hard not to default, and so is Uruguay. Peru has already defaulted and has devalued its currency twice in the last eighteen months. The disorder of Peruvian Government finances is the more distressing now that the country is in a state of open rebellion. Bolivia was the first of the South American Republics to default, yet cheerfully increases its expenditure on military affairs. The Ministry of War accounts for 36 per cent. of the Bolivian Budget this year. I am told that Bolivia will not be able to afford both the service on its external debt and the expenditures of a bellicose Ministry of War until its tin mining industry enjoys another boom. Naturally, war preparations come before the bond holders. Australia has been walking on the edge of the financial precipice for much longer than Germany or the rest of the debtor countries. Now that she has decided to convert her internal debt on to a lower interest basis, by semi-compulsory means, and is doing her best to balance budgets, she may receive the loan that will stave off default. It hardly needed M. Bukharin's article last week to remind us that, with the finances of so large a part of the capitalist world in an insolvent condition, the Soviet Government is beginning to smile.

* * *

President Hoover's intervention in the European crisis is bound to have stirred American patriotism. I fancy that some responsive note was struck in the breast of the Governor of Texas. At any rate this bold administrator decided that he must intervene in the oil crisis. He convened a special session of the Texas Legislature this week to pass a Bill prohibiting the waste of natural gas and oil. The new shallow oil-field in East Texas, the importance of which I discussed in the *N.S. & N.* of March 28th, is the remaining big gap in the restriction wall which has been erected in America to keep out the oil flood. California has passed laws legalising restriction of output, and Oklahoma has voluntarily obeyed the "restriction" edicts of an unofficial body, the Oklahoma Corporation Commission. In fact, a number of operators who have decided to shut down 15,000 wells in Oklahoma and Kansas, have just petitioned the Governor of Oklahoma to enforce further restriction of output—if necessary by martial law (a pleasing contrast to the beer industry!). Texas has remained up to this moment the blackleg in the oil industry. And who would blame the owners or lessees of a plot of unremunerative land for snatching at the liquid wealth discovered only a few hundred feet below the surface? The price of their crude oil has been cut to 10 cents a barrel—say 3s. a ton—a price which spells ruin to any oil producer in a moderately deep field—but it still pays them to produce. The Governor of Texas, an ex-oil-operator, has, however, determined that it is better to cripple some hundreds of producers in East Texas than to ruin the entire oil industry in America.

* * *

If the Texas restriction Bill becomes law, the effect will be the same as in California—the prices of crude oil and gasoline will be immediately advanced and the oil companies will save their books from further depreciation losses. But this does not mean that the marketing companies will immediately make profits. As long as the oil glut continues—the oil still remains underground and in some fields (for example, Kettleman Hills in California) prolific new wells are still being brought in—oil prices cannot advance beyond the barely profitable levels. I would therefore incline to the view that it is still too early to buy the equity stocks of the big marketing companies, such as Shell Union or its parents, Royal Dutch and Shell Transport. On the other hand the equities of the cheap producers of crude oil—such as Venezuelan Oil Concessions—will become attractive if the rise in American crude oil prices follows upon the "intervention" of the Governor of Texas. At 30s. Venezuelan Oil Concessions yield 11.6 per cent. on the basis of existing dividends of 17½ per cent. On the whole the "bargains" in the oil security markets are to be found in the prior charges. Shell Union 5½ per cent. preferred shares have been as low as 25½ this year and are now quoted at 51 to yield £10 15s. 6d. per cent. The market obviously expected a default, but so conservative (or shall I say radical?) is the Company's depreciation policy that in spite of heavy book losses it is able to pay its preference dividends and yet maintain its cash position unimpaired.

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It is always intriguing for the investor, when markets are in the doldrums, to plan an investment in shares quoted at rubbish or next-to-rubbish prices. The New York *Financial World* has been making some interesting calculations along these lines. It has found that shares selling at $12 or less accounted for 15.6 per cent. of the total common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange in the 1921 slump, and for 32.7 per cent. of the total at the present time. It also discovered that $1,693 invested in these low-priced shares in 1921 would have shown a capital appreciation of $5,829 in three years, whereas the same sum invested in shares with an average price of $59 would have shown an appreciation of only $2,898 in the same period. The low-priced shares to-day on the New York Stock Exchange number 425. There must be some hundreds more in London. Obviously one cannot spread an investment over the whole lot. One must select. It is no good, for example, choosing the £1 shares of the International Sleeping Car Trust because they are "looking cheap" at 4s. In point of fact the shares are dear at 4s. for the Company's investment in Wagons-Lits ordinary shares has heavily depreciated in market value and is yielding no revenue. The Trust was over-capitalised from the outset, and if the directors had had the courage to write the capital down the shares would not be quoted at 4s. But Colon Oil no par value shares at 3s. 6d. (quoted on the New York curb) might be included seeing that the Company possesses oil fields that put those of Venezuelan Oil Concessions in the shade. If my readers care to join in the hunt we might together compile a list of "rubbish" shares which would be profitable as well as amusing.

COMPANY MEETING

NATIONAL BANK OF NEW ZEALAND

DIFFICULT CONDITIONS IN THE DOMINION

The fifty-ninth ordinary general meeting of the National Bank of New Zealand, Ltd., was held on Tuesday, 14th July, at 17, Moorgate, London, E.C., the Hon. Wm. Pember Reeves (chairman) presiding.

The CHAIRMAN, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said: The balance-sheet, I think you will agree, discloses a strong and liquid position. Gross profits, after providing for bad and doubtful debts, are £646,000, or £50,000 down on last year's figures, and the net profits have decreased by £74,600 as compared with March 31, 1930. In view of the severe and universal depression, you have probably not been greatly surprised by our proposal to reduce the 12 per cent. distribution of last year by 2 per cent.

Our reasons for taking this unwelcome step are all traceable to the serious position in New Zealand. There, to the effects of heavy falls in the price of almost every important article of export, have been added those of a disastrous earthquake, a demoralised rate of exchange, and the exaction of further taxation by an embarrassed Government. The resulting sharp contraction of trade has brought down imports and exports by many millions and depressed every branch of international commerce. These conditions have been reflected in our turnover, added to which the rates of exchange between New Zealand and London and New Zealand and Australia have complicated business, and have been a source of much trouble and some anxiety. I am glad to say that we have been able to supply all our customers' exchange requirements, and have at present no reason to suppose we shall not be able to continue to do so.

You may call this a pessimistic recital. It is not. It is a plain list of hard facts. You will admit, I think, that they justify a policy of more than ordinary caution. We are still paying our dividend free of tax, in spite of the increased rate of taxation, and this year New Zealand shareholders will be paid in the equivalent of sterling, which will mean a handsome addition to their dividend.

The financial troubles of the New Zealand Treasury led the Government last year to make serious increases in taxation. Whereas the Government anticipated a surplus of about £250,000 the Prime Minister was obliged early this year to warn the country that a deficit of £1,250,000 was to be expected. At such a pace did the revenue shrink that by the end of the official year the deficit had become £1,640,000.

Bad as this was, his estimate for the coming year showed that unless steps were taken to counteract a further fall in revenue and increase in expenditure the accounts next year might show the unprecedented deficit of £5,500,000. As you are aware, the Government and Parliament, forced by sheer necessity, are facing the position with resolution.

In nearly every case the methods adopted by Mr. Forbes's Government in the way of economy, retrenchment, and taxation, are faithful copies of those of the Ministries which held office in New Zealand in the years of depression between 1879 and 1891.

I think we may hope that the result of the process now going on in New Zealand will be to enable the Government to pay its way. Its first effects may be to depress retail business, and it will not restore prosperity. Nothing but a rise in export prices can do that.

INTER-DOMINION DIFFICULTIES.

I told shareholders last year that our large butter trade with Canada was threatened by the new Canadian tariff, under which the duties on it were quadrupled. The threat became a reality, and during the eight months ending March 31 the butter export to Canada fell to rather less than one-twelfth of its size during the corresponding months of the year before. The New Zealand Government has retaliated by depriving Canadian goods of the preference given to imports from the British Empire.

It is only fair to point out that the aggressive action of the Canadian Government was taken in spite of the fact that Canada's trade with New Zealand showed a large balance in her favour. Furthermore, she appeared to have treated New Zealand much more severely than Australia. But another reason for New Zealand's retaliatory action is that now that the whole of North America is almost closed to their produce, their only great market is Britain. But for the open ports in the Mother Country, the New Zealand producers could not live. It is, therefore, a plain duty for us to give our custom to England instead of to the North Americans, whose fiscal policy would ruin us utterly if we depended on them as buyers.

One is thankful to be able to point out that frozen meat shows better results than the other chief exports. Nearly all the minor exports have shrunk, though the fruit trade is an exception, partly owing to the springing up of quite a respectable trade with the Continent of Europe conducted through the Hook of Holland. It is expected that the apple export this year will amount to 1,350,000 cases. By way of a gleam of light for the very depressed flax industry, we are informed that as the result of a long series of experiments satisfactory wool packs and sacking can be manufactured from New Zealand flax fibre. If that invention turned out to be commercially practicable it may easily lead to a large manufacture.

On the side of imports, the most striking item is a fall in the value of motor vehicles, motor spirit and oil and accessories, from £7,500,000 to about £5,000,000. That, of course, is a feature of the depression. British motor cars seem to be getting a larger share of what business there is.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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NEW STATESMAN & NATION VOLUMES

VOLUME I includes the first 18 numbers of the New Series (i.e., from February 28 to June 27, 1931), and VOLUME II has been started with the 19th issue, dated July 4, in order that future half-yearly volumes may run from the first Saturday in July to the last Saturday in December, and from the first Saturday in January to the last in June.